JOHN BULL, week ending May 2, 1942

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXI. 1872

3D EVERY THURSDAY

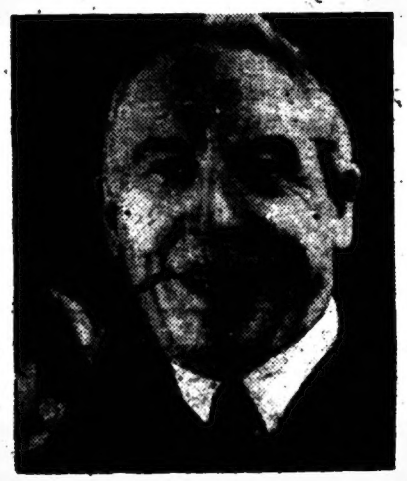
PERFECT MURDER MYSTERY

VICTORY HAS WINGS by A.G.G.

HEROES OF THE HOME GUARD

Sir Henry Price answers the Retired Man

(Interview between Sir Henry Price and a Retired Man).



"I've a fixed income, Sir Henry"

Retired Man: My income today is exactly the same as before the war, Sir Henry, and when you consider the way prices have risen all round, you can imagine that I have to watch my spending pretty closely.

Sir Henry: **You certainly must. But you will find that The Fifty Shilling Tailors are still offering you, the best value for your money in clothes.**

Retired Man: That's important, especially now, when we must all have clothes which will wear well and yet not cost an exorbitant price.

Sir Henry: **Rational Tailoring has always offered good cloth combined with good tailoring at the lowest economic price. That is why more and more men are bringing their coupons to us. When your purchases are limited, you must have the best value. Rational Tailoring is still providing the highest value at the most reasonable prices.**

Take your Clothing Coupons to—

The FIFTY SHILLING TAILORS

Props.: Price Tailors Ltd.

OVER 350 DEPOTS IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES AND TOWNS

EMPTY METAL TUBES NEEDED *URGENTLY!*

HELP to relieve the drain on the Nation's reduced metal supplies. Hand all empty collapsible metal tubes to your retailer. Remember—tubes of all kinds are wanted at once. The metal is urgently needed and will be sold for the benefit of the Red Cross and St. John Fund.

This space has been presented by Gibbs S.R. Toothpaste

GIVE YOUR EMPTY METAL TUBES AND HELP THE RED CROSS & ST. JOHN

ISSUED BY THE DENTIFRICE MANUFACTURERS OF GT. BRITAIN

MRS 1-837-55

READ HOW OXYDOL LIVELY LATHER SAVES SOAP RATIONS

...and gives more washing per coupon

Don't let soap rationing worry you! With Oxydol in your wash-tub, you get that famous Oxydol lively lather — rich, foaming mountains of it — which goes so much farther that *you get up to twice as much washing per coupon!* What's more, Oxydol washes clothes sparkling clean in absolute safety . . . saves clothes, so saves clothes coupons, too!

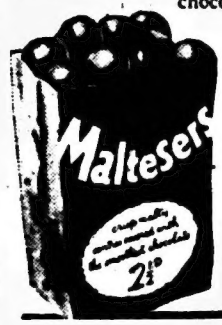
Mrs. Moody's special soap saving tip!

With Oxydol you can often do a big wash in one lot of water. If you plan your wash like this: wash slightly soiled clothes and dainty fabrics first, *followed* by dirtier clothes. And if there are any suds left in the water when your wash is done, there is still Oxydol washing power in the water. Save it for house cleaning: floors, tiles, woodwork, etc. Oxydol goes still farther this way.

A CLASS I PRODUCT
3½d. size - 1 coupon
7d. size - 2 coupons
At your shop

THOMAS HEDLEY AND COMPANY LIMITED, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE

Keep Maltesers as a treat for special occasions. What a moment when the kiddies enjoy the Maltesers they've well and truly earned! Even today you'll occasionally pick up a few for them if you keep a sharp lookout. And how they'll appreciate those irresistible honeycomb centres — that delicious malty flavour *and* the rich chocolate coating.



GRAND REWARDS FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS

Tell me, doctor

If it's catching, how am I going to keep it from spreading all through the house?

Against the germs that spread infection modern science has a modern defence. In our great hospitals, in surgical and maternity wards throughout the country, doctors, surgeons and nurses protect their patients – and protect themselves – with 'Dettol'.

How easy then for you, and how wise, to learn from the hospital. Whenever there is danger of infection, use 'Dettol' promptly and regularly. On the cut or scratch that may fester, in the room from which infection may spread, on your own hands when you act as nurse, use 'Dettol' as hospitals do. Ask your Doctor – he knows all about 'Dettol'.

FROM ALL CHEMISTS

DETTOL TRADE MARK
THE MODERN ANTISEPTIC

BEAUTY
answers the call . . .

But . . . loading up luggage won't spoil that

Schoolgirl Complexion

Your war-time job won't affect your beauty if you do as you did in peace-time — entrust its care to Palmolive. For the rich, velvety, olive-oil lather of a Palmolive bath beautifies as it cleanses. That is why it gives you a natural beauty treatment from head to toe. Keep your "schoolgirl complexion" all over.

PALMOLIVE

New National Standard Size 3'd. Including Tax.
Some shops may still have stocks of the old size at 4d.

Tired Wives

HERE'S WHAT DOCTORS ADVISE:

If you're too tired all the time, your system is probably filled up with dangerous poisons that keep organs from working as they should. Your system needs a thorough cleansing.

Yet doctors warn women that their delicate systems can be permanently injured by harsh laxatives that seem to tear you apart. Instead, doctors say, take the way *nature* devised to cool your blood, and cleanse out accumulated poisons. Take 'California Syrup of Figs.' A delicious liquid, it contains the juices of whole sun-ripened figs. Quickly yet gently, your system is cleansed. You feel wonderful, filled with new vibrant energy.

Be sure you get 'California' Syrup of Figs' brand.

Jennings'
OINTMENT
HEALS!
from the first application and its antiseptic qualities are beyond question

1/3D A TUBE

You are safe with Jennings'

From ALL Chemists—Write Alfred Jennings, Cannon Mills of World, for free copy of EVERYBODY'S DOCTOR

on your teeth...

Run the tip of your tongue over your teeth. Feel that filmy coating? That's what collects stains, makes them dingy. It shows you need the film-fighting powers of IRIUM — the new super-cleanser exclusive to Pepsodent. For Irium flushes film away, polishes teeth so shiny smooth that film slides off. Change to Pepsodent. See and feel how Irium keeps your teeth sparkling with health and brilliance.

7½d. 1/3 2/3 Including Tax

PEPSODENT

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, May 2, 1942,
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true"

Straight from the Shoulder

MAKE HIM GUESS!

HITLER is on his toes, as jumpy as a cat.

For the Russians, too, are thinking in terms of a Spring offensive.

Nor can he ignore the comings-and-goings of high officers between London and Washington, the hints of Anglo-American developments on the Western Front.

On Edge

Our Commando probes are keeping him on edge.

He does not know where a major thrust will be aimed. He is not ready to parry it.

So he allows reports to reach us of gigantic anti-invasion defences.

Maginot Complex

We shall not be deterred by these stories.

He cannot make 3,000 miles of coast-line into a Maginot Line. There are bound to be some soft spots—witness last week's raid near Boulogne.

And even the Maginot Line was outflanked.

Von Runstedt's Task

Panzer divisions are moving back to Norway, we are told.

At one time, 300,000 Nazi troops were there. The Russian campaign reduced the number to 80,000.

That campaign grows in violence. How improbable, therefore, that 300,000 men can again be spared to hold Quisling's trembling hands!

Wide Drain

Other troops are moving from Germany to France.

But can we swallow the estimate of a million men policing Occupied Europe against a possible attack from Britain?

So great an army would leave a convenient gap on the Eastern Front through which the Soviet forces would storm.

When We're Ready

No, we shall not be warned-off by threats of an unfriendly welcome.

We shall attack.

We shall attack not only because the public demands it. Our military leaders advise it; our growing strength makes it feasible.

Plan for Victory

It must be launched *where* we can ensure quick reinforcements, *when* the enemy is most fully occupied elsewhere, and *with* all the power at our disposal.

It must be planned right through to certain victory. No more Dunkirks! No repetition of Greece and Crete!

One Staff

But our plans must be fluid. Though detailed, they must be capable of instant modification as the action progresses.

They should be drawn up by men of three Services who think in terms of one Service.

The Government's explanation of the joint planning staff does not meet the demand voiced by JOHN BULL last week. On the contrary.

Combination is Strength

The men who draw up the plans for action form a joint staff, not a combined staff.

It is a Combined General Staff that we need to secure perfect co-ordination of Army, Air Force and Navy.

Proof

There should be no need to argue the point. Events have proved its truth.

Lord Louis Mountbatten, as head of a combined force, has shown how effective the three Services can be when working *as one unit* in the raids on enemy territory.

Drive Him Out!

Such raids must continue. We must keep Hitler guessing. We must continue to keep him on edge.

That is a necessary preparation for our big-scale attack.

Let us remember also that the Continent is not the only vast target for our forces.

There is Libya. We must drive Rommel into the blue waters of the Mediterranean.

Bombing Offensive

Moreover, our bombing offensive and our fighter sweeps should go on. The Nazi *Luftwaffe* and the Nazi aircraft factories must be harried without pause.

Our own aircraft production is good. It is helped by Uncle Sam, who sends us an average of fifteen 'planes a day across the Atlantic.

But is all this enough for the heavy demands the R.A.F. must expect to face? No man dare answer Yes.

New Heights

Aircraft and arms output must rise to prodigious new heights during the next few months.

Our need for shipping will be far higher than during the worst months of the Battle of the Atlantic or the Japanese onrush.

One Man, Three Tons

It takes a ton of shipping to move one Japanese soldier and his equipment.

It takes three tons to move one British Tommy.

Unlike the Japanese, we have to transport not only men, but immense masses of food and raw materials across the world's oceans.

Cut Consumption

Hence the importance of economy at home. All of us should cut our supplies to barest requirements.

Public services should so be pruned that not one person is engaged on unnecessary duties.

There must be simpler forms not only for income-tax, but for every branch of official business. And fewer of them!

Pensioners' Plight

But economy need not mean parsimony. We must not deny the rights of existence to some because we want all to dispense with luxuries.

Old age pensioners cannot afford luxuries. They need no injunctions to the austere life.

Many, many of them can barely keep themselves in necessities.

S.O.S.

Their poverty is so stark, their struggle for existence so pitiable, that even war is no excuse for hardening our hearts.

It would not be generous if Sir Kingsley Wood increased their pittance. It would be plain justice.

Criticism for Health

Nor is the national unity so precarious that we need stifle criticism and stuff ourselves with a diet of nauseating eulogy.

It is regrettable that the Labour Party is among the ranks of the stranglers and stuffers.

The Party has a standing order by which it deals with attacks on Ministers and members. Such an order may be necessary because abusive and personal attacks on *anybody* are undesirable.

Too Much Spleen

But resentment of *any* criticism is equally unhealthy. It suggests a lack of balance, a forgetfulness of the fact that without criticism there can be no progress.

It is too often evident nowadays in the Labour Party.

Cure for Coal

We may hope that the Cabinet will not be as touchy to criticism of the fuel rationing scheme.

JOHN BULL's comments on that half-baked compromise appear on page 6. Here we may point out that the solution of the fuel problem will not be found by making the small consumer save 10,000,000 tons of coal a year.

Three Aids

It can be achieved only by raising the output of coal.

Set up a national board to make the industry efficient. Bring back all the miners the Forces can spare. Work the pits that offer best opportunities for increased yields.

But ration domestic coal only if a simple scheme can be devised!

The more efficient our industries become, the greater will be Hitler's worry.

(Continued overleaf)

MORE BLOOD MONEY

● It's a nice war—for those who exploit it.

The Auditor-General's latest report shows how nice it can be.

He mentions a monopoly that charged a profit of 160 per cent. on certain war materials.

The Treasury assumed control of the business. But the old managers are still employed to manage it and draw public fees for doing so.

Another firm refused to deliver guns to the Air Ministry unless its terms were accepted.

Twice the Air Ministry was held to ransom. For its third order, some reduction in price was obtained—but the firm continued to refuse a full examination of its costs.

A consultant's personal fees for two years' work was £39,000 plus expenses.

So the sorry, infuriating story goes on.

Britain has been too soft with the gentry who find rich profits in war.

In future, every suspect business should be taken over by the State—and new managers appointed!

INSULT TO OUR SERVICEMEN

● One of the most shameful ramps of the war is becoming general.

Servicemen's wives are being refused houses if they receive a grant from the Military Service Advisory Committee.

A town councillor sends us a written refusal addressed to a soldier's wife. It is the third letter of the kind she has received—all from different firms of estate agents.

He asks us: "How can we expect a soldier labouring under a grievance—as is this woman's husband—to give of his best?"

We needn't state our answer. It is the same as your own will be.

Nor does it matter that miserly landlords are basing their objections on a fallacious argument—that a woman who needs a grant to help her meet expenses will therefore prove a rent-dodger.

It matters only that the families left behind by our fighting men should receive a fair deal.

No law can be invoked. But the Minister of Health, and all local authorities, can at least warn the offenders that public opinion will not allow the scandal to continue.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

OUR Russian friends are quick off the mark. They have already planned this year's harvest.

All people from fourteen to fifty-five who are not in the Forces, war factories or transport will be liable to call-up for harvesting. Women looking after children under eight are exempt from the new Order.

Wise Rules

Work will be paid for at normal rates. Office workers will receive half their normal salaries in addition, and students their full maintenance grants.

Schoolchildren will be called only during their summer holidays. Their hours and conditions will be carefully regulated.

Lesson for Us

Whitehall should note that scheme. Labour shortage, plus the recent call-up of farm workers, will make this year's harvest a particularly big problem for Britain.

It should be faced now—instead of appealing for volunteers at the end of July.

It's Slower by Rail

As the Minister for Agriculture says, "the harvest of 1942 may well be a critical factor in the future history of this country and of the world."

But the railways can't have heard him.

One firm has vainly been trying since January to get a barrel of tractor oil delivered to a farmer.

Long Wait

They put it on the rail on January 26, to be exact. It didn't arrive.

They sent another on March 25. It is still at a country station.

In despair, they have just sent off another. The farmer should get it when the war ends.

Full Sidings

Truckloads of timber rest in the sidings for days, even weeks, though urgently wanted for war purposes.

To speed up the war, we must speed up the railways. Admittedly, they have done a big job fairly well. We must see that they do better in future.

A for Health

To return to food: An adult needs 3,000 units of Vitamin A a day to ward off infection. Which means a pint of milk, an egg, an ounce of butter, and a helping of green vegetables each day.

Most of us, according to the *Lancet*, now get from 500 to 800 units a day.

Hence the need to increase our vegetable supplies.

Adequate

The Government has wisely assured adequate supplies of carrots. Eat half a pound of carrots a week plus vitaminised margarine and you'll safeguard your health.

But the Government has not been wise about prices.

Big Difference

Carrots are sold to the public at £18 13s. a ton—or 2d. a pound. But the grower gets only £6 or £6 10s. a ton.

Lettuces, usually priced at 2d. during the Spring, now cost up to 1s. 6d. in the shops.

The ramp will be stopped only by price control.

Sky's the Limit

To be effective, control must be imposed quickly. Remember what happened with barley!

Its price rocketed to the sky from £4 a quarter. Eventually it reached £18 15s. Then the Government applied the brake and controlled it at £7.

That is to say, £3 more than when the fantastic chain-selling began, and *after* some people had made fortunes.

Milk for Miners

No less undesirable is the stoppage of milk to miners' canteens, reported from some districts.

If miners are to increase output, their health must be kept up. And the Ministry of Food must see that one of its best schemes is continued whatever the cost.

Service Smokes

The Budget has brought misunderstanding about another excellent scheme.

"Join the Services and get as many cigarettes as you like at 1940 prices," some civilians are jesting.

Not so. Servicemen are allowed only thirty cigarettes a week at cheap rates—and they don't always get their allowance.

Ready for Action

Which reminds us that not only the Home Guard, but the R.A.F., use pikes for local defence.

A curious development, for surely not all the pikes are coming from the Tower of London and other museums of ancient weapons! Are they being specially manufactured?

Long, Long Trail

Another question arises from the astounding case of those London men who were taken to work at Portsmouth each day simply because they refused to live near the job.

Sixty miles there and sixty miles back would waste more than a can of petrol in a week.

So we'd like to know how many more cases of this sort are tolerated by a benevolent officialdom.

Switch Off!

Here's more waste. At many munition works, special 'buses arrive ten minutes or so before the workers are due to leave—and keep their engines running while waiting.

We can't have an army of inspectors to check the waste of petrol. But definite instructions should be issued on the point.

King Sol's Rivals

In some cities, street lamps that were formerly lit and extinguished by clocks are now left burning twenty-four hours a day.

It isn't much encouragement to private citizens to "save fuel for the factories."

Salvage Shortcomings

A child welfare official is decidedly discouraged.

She persuaded parents to return the metal-capped bottles in which vitamin tablets are issued to young children.

"We don't want them," said the local food authority. "We can't deal with 'em," echoed the local council.

So into the dustbin they must go.

Large-scale Waste

Moreover, JOHN BULL receives letters from many districts on the inability to dispose of empty bottles.

We can't believe that glass is useless, and that there's plenty of labour available to make new bottles.

And we suggest it would not be difficult to arrange a weekly collection from shopkeepers of all empty bottles returned to them.

Comfort for Golfers

Members of a North Country golf club will, no doubt, appreciate the new rubber flooring in the bar and the shortness of the grass on the fairways.

It would be too much to expect them to realise that the materials used in replacing the linoleum in the bar and the labour used in close-cropping the fairways, might have been devoted to the cause of the whole community.

Spring-cleaning

But they are not the only people to be unaware of war's urgency.

Spring has brought the usual rush of builders' boards and new paint to wealthy districts.

Work for All

Not for the first time, JOHN BULL argues that non-essential jobs should be left till war has been ended, and that every available worker should thus be released for essential duties.

Why does no spokesman of the Government amplify our argument?

Per Regulations

Mark you, officialdom itself does not always distinguish carefully between the essential and non-essential.

Full-time warden, registering under the new scheme to release Civil Defence men for industry, was registered as being skilled in a job for which there is no chance of local employment.

That had been his last job. Previously, he had experience of shell inspecting and other essential jobs. But the exchange clerk refused to enter details of anything but his last occupation.

More Folly

More trivial example of official routine, leading to waste, concerns an application for assistance that was sent to a northern Assistance Board. It was returned with a letter advising application to the relieving officer.

Both authorities occupy the same building.

Don't Delay

Sometimes the public makes things worse.

Late and irregular applications for time-limited concessions, such as the issue of supplementary clothes cards, cause much strain on official labour resources.

In other words, don't delay!

Helping Hand

Recently we reported how scurvily a homeless ex-soldier had been treated by local authorities. And, privately, we asked the War Office to look into the matter.

We're glad to hear that the man has been given a job and, through the Army's welfare officer, supplied with clothes.

Seeing that it was not the Army's responsibility, the War Office deserves a tribute for generosity.

Total War!

But there are 10,000 other men who want jobs. They live in Ulster.

And Ulster's steel firms advertise regularly for orders: "Put us to work in the national effort."

So the equipment is available, labour is available. Why not use them?

Shaming the Sluggard

Unfortunately, some people who have jobs are still slacking. A Birmingham toolsetter on night shift went to sleep for more than two hours on the job.

He awoke to find that the factory girls had draped him with a Union Jack. But if it's true that other young men stop work to sing choruses and play the fool, they should be made to fight under the Union Jack.

Turned Away

Moreover, we are still wondering whether some men of military age in the Observer Corps could not be spared for more active duties.

In one town, we understand, 65 women who volunteered for the Corps have been rejected, yet 70 youngish men are retained.

Behind the News

- **At least 45,000 out of the 50,000 crack-*Luftwaffe* pilots groomed for victory blitzes, with whom Hitler started the war, have been killed or captured.**
- *Result—Nazi flyers are being "mass produced," and most are sent into action with less than thirty hours' solo flying experience. Casualty rate has increased fivefold.*
- First Nazi step to ensure Laval's collaboration has been trebling of his personal bodyguard by *Gestapo* agents in French uniforms. They'll look for double-crossing no less than avengers!
- **Nazis have been so fully occupied in Norway by anti-quislings that fishermen have managed to escape with many vessels. German fish prospects are now down by 30 per cent., fish oil prospects by half.**
- *Marshal Mannerheim has fallen foul of Nazi High Command by refusing to face brunt of Soviet attacks. As he can't be replaced by anyone acceptable to Finn army, Hitler daren't "liquidate" him.*
- Dismissal of Von Leeb was not due to failure to take Leningrad but because he has warned Hitler again that no Spring offensive can now save the Nazi northern front.
- **Nearly three-quarters of the Rumanian armies in Russia have been wiped out.**
- *Last 'plane from Rome before Italian air lines were shut down by South American Republics was chartered by Mussolini. He sent relatives to his Argentina estates to prepare for emergencies!*
- Fresh evidence of Hun anxiety about Russia: private exhibition of Nazi plans for high-speed railway from Madrid to Vladivostok, showing removal of Russian transport "incompetence," had been arranged for neutral journalists. Invitations have now been cancelled.

Without Fear or Favour — *By the Editor*

THE COWARD'S BLOW

WHEN a lad takes "coward's blow" without a fight, he may save his skin, but he must forfeit his self-respect. Bullies and blackmailers cannot be bought off permanently.

Laval, the cringing big boy of France, has taken coward's blow from Hitler and is installed as *gauleiter* of that unhappy country by the favour of this blackmailing bully.

Yet he will not finally escape the degradation to which he would condemn his countrymen. He, too, has sold his soul—and no man ever did that except at a total loss.

In essence, that is the answer to all who ask the—sometimes—futile question: "What are we fighting *for*?"

Too many people are asking that question with too little thought to-day. There are some who think that this is just another war to defer t "big business"; others who think it should be looked upon as a crusade to convert the world to their way of thinking.

Both are wrong. The first group includes cynics, defeatists and little Lavals in embryo.

The second is made up chiefly of woolly thinkers and idealists with a bee in their bonnets.

It is true that we are fighting to annihilate the aggressors and to build a better world.

JOHN BULL has constantly proclaimed this truth, and we reminded our readers only last week that the shaping of the new social order will be in their own hands when victory is won.

But none of the United Nations was so stupid or so wicked as to suppose that humanity must wade through seas of blood to reach the land of promise.

No. Hitler started this war by slapping Freedom in the face. He challenged us, he challenged Europe, and he defied the world by striking his coward's blow at one small country after another.

When his armies marched against Poland in 1939 he slapped Great Britain in the face, and she *could* not take that blow without a fight.

We and all our friends of the now United Nations had endured the Nazi threats too long. Shamefacedly, we had watched the bullying of Hitler's smaller neighbours. We had eaten more humble pie than was good for us.

Wherefore, at last, we went to war.

Look back upon that period and remember your own feelings. Were they not compounded of relief and exaltation as well as disgust that this unsought misery and madness should be forced upon us?

All that has happened since—every crime the Nazis have committed and every shameful cruelty they have practised—proves a thousand times over how right we were to stand up and fight rather than submit to the vilest bully the world has ever known.

CONSIDER the fate of conquered France. This once proud and prosperous country, with its noble heritage of "liberty, equality and fraternity"; its gay, intelligent, hard-working people; its fair cities and prolific fields; is reduced to shame, hunger and bitter servitude.

Though there were a million Lavals instead of one, they could buy no final mercy from their conqueror. Hitler and his criminal crew deliberately intend to destroy the soul of France.

They are bleeding the country white. They are still holding between a million and a million and a half Frenchmen as prisoners of war. They are playing upon the despair of wives and mothers as a cat plays with a mouse.

Pétain could wring no real concession from them, and Laval, stooping to still more abject bargaining, will fare no better.

Hardly had he told his dumbfounded compatriots over the radio that their victors "*have never tried to humiliate France*," before the Nazis were inviting the sub-prefect of St. Nazaire to choose twenty innocent men for execution by their firing-squads!

This infamous and inhuman offer was naturally refused, and so the Germans picked their own victims and shot them as they have shot thousands of "hostages" before, not only in France, but in every other conquered land.

The Nazis have committed crimes which cry to high heaven for vengeance. They have made a graveyard of Poland. They have butchered and tortured the Czechs.

They have deliberately destroyed universities, massacred priests and professors, and sought to wipe out the culture of all races but their own.

They have corrupted the minds of the children of Germany; and, if we do not stop them, they will corrupt and poison and destroy the minds of all European children —including our own.

Nothing but stupidity can possibly lose the war for us now; nothing but madness or treachery can prevent us from gaining total victory—a victory that will wipe "Hitlerism" off the face of the earth, that will free its slaves and give us the supreme opportunity, not to force our way of living and our way of thinking upon any other country, but rather to offer all mankind a fair share in a new world order.

But without retracting one word of all our arguments in favour of using the fearful opportunities of war to start reconstruction *now*, JOHN BULL thinks it necessary to remind the public of the basic causes of this war.

None of us wanted it. We fought because we had to fight, because there was no way to save our freedom and the future of the world except by fighting.

Russians do not need to ask what they are fighting for. The invader is at their throats and they must kill or be killed: they must conquer or die.

So must we.

It would be well if we, too, held an equally triumphant faith in our own ideals, and still better if all the United Nations, including Soviet Russia, could agree and proclaim the gospel of a common freedom.

NOT only political freedom must be assured, but that economic liberty and security without which a brave new world cannot be born.

Already there are signs of progress. Even in the midst of war the problems of peace have not entirely been overlooked.

Great schemes to develop the world's resources must be ready when the war ends, the International Labour Office has declared.

Sir Frederick Leggett, the British Government's delegate, points the way to an end of that economic isolationism that for so long has held the world in uneconomic thraldom.

"We might often do more good," he declares, "by spending money in building railways or roads in another country than in building a new town hall in our own."

And other speakers at the emergency session of the I.L.O. last week agreed that there must be control of private investment and speculation abroad—two developments that wrought so much harm between the two World Wars.

So there are reasons for hope. We have started to think. Soon we must start to plan.

But the future of humanity cannot be decided either by politicians or even by wise plannings. It can be decided now only by battle, by the bravery of fighting men and the unsparing devotion of non-combatants.

Hitler has proclaimed his resolve to put Europe and perhaps America under the heel of Nazi Germany.

Tojo aims to dominate Asia with his Japanese "herrenvolk."

We mean to stop both these scoundrels. We mean to rid the earth of fear and want. And if that is not worth fighting for, then nothing is.

When All This is Over . . .

I FIND people about equally divided over the matter of the Peace. There are the Optimists and the Pessimists.

The Optimists think the Brave New World is coming. Heaven-on-Earth. Streets made of marble, and pensions for all from the age of thirty.

The Pessimists are ready for the Fall of the Empire, the Fall of Europe, the Collapse of Civilisation, the end of Everything.

I'm afraid they're both in for a big disappointment.

★ ★ ★

The people who are going to have Heaven-on-Earth by 1945 don't stop long enough to consider what Heaven is. It isn't something made up of ideas or 'isms, or even hopes.

It's made up of angels.

And without enough angels to go round, it's just a Desirable Property, to let on reasonable terms.

You want a lot of angels to get a heaven really going, and really I can't see sufficient on earth to start even an experimental colony.

"Heaven Can Wait," said an old film title.

Heaven will.

This is a funny world. And the human story, like heaven, isn't made up of ideas or 'isms. It's made up of men and women. And boys and girls, of course.

★ ★ ★

Now men and women change, but in a long time.

I am sure they are better than they were. Life is better now than it was when Henry II was king, and the man who says otherwise is a fool. And one day, men and women will be much better than they are now. 2042 will make 1942 look silly.

The change, though, is so slow that we're not here long enough, each of us, to notice much difference.

That is why I say that When All This Is Over the world will be pretty much the same as it was before, because people will be pretty much the same.

We may be one rung up (or down), the ladder of progress. I don't think we shall be at the bottom, as the Pessimists think. I am certain we shan't be at the top, as the Optimists suggest.

When Hitler is just a name on a tombstone, men will still think of jokes and other men will still laugh at them.

Some men will still have stomach-ache and other men will cure it.

Others will still brew beer (legal or not by then), and yet others will still take too much now and again and want to get together and sing of the dear dead days beyond recall—probably meaning *now!*

We shall still giggle and nudge each other and look proud when baby says "Da-da!" for the first time.

We shall still hate the way the woman next door wears her hat.

Because we're what we are. Great-grandfather was. Great-grandson will be.

★ ★ ★

It takes all sorts to make a world. That's why Heaven isn't yet. Nor Hell.

When All This Is Over men will still be men. That sounds hopeless, I know.

But boys will still be boys. And that is distinctly hopeful.

You'll see.

WILL SCOTT.

OPEN LETTERS

VISCOUNTESS ASTOR, M.P., Feminine Champion of Westminster

DEAR MADAM,—Here is the greatest opportunity of your career to win "equality for women," the best chance to help win the war:

See that women war workers receive fair wages!

Five million women have registered for national service. Only a million and a half have entered industry.

Partly, no doubt, because of lack of nursery facilities, shopping difficulties, transport problems.

But chiefly because the pay offered by industry is grossly inadequate.

The rate for women in engineering is 43s. a week.

Obviously, that figure holds no attractions for a mother who must pay somebody to provide meals for her family while she is at work, whose laundry bill will be higher, and who might have to pay some shillings a week in fares.

That rate is far too low for another reason.

It is far less than the wages of men doing comparable work.

Such blatant inequalities are rife throughout war industry.

They are not defended by the Government. On the contrary.

Mr. Bevin is very sympathetic to the old demand of "equal pay for equal work."

If reform were demanded by influential representatives of women war workers, I am satisfied that it would quickly be made.

But Mr. Bevin must first be asked to act before he can act.

And so I suggest that you, long known for your championship of women's causes, should convene a deputation of all the women M.P.s to urge the case of women war workers.

The need is urgent. Our factories must be fully staffed; the workers must be willing and contented. —JOHN BULL.

Lord KINDERSLEY, President, National Savings Committee

MY LORD,—Except in Scotland, the Warship Weeks campaign is over. It has raised £524,000,000.

A tidy sum. But much of it, of course, was contributed by banks and other financial houses that are under an obligation to divert their spare money to Government purposes.

Can such contributions be reckoned as genuine savings? It is genuine savings that you must stimulate.

No doubt you will now devote all your attention to the problem. No more stunts! No more brass bands and tank parades!

Instead, there must be a great campaign to extend savings clubs to every street and workshop, and thus ensure the *regular* weekly flow of investments that will ease the country's progress to victory.—JOHN BULL.

Sir THOMAS MOORE, M.P., Hanover Terrace, N.W.1.

DEAR SIR,—Don't delude yourself. There is no evidence that the millions of British women are clamouring for instruction in grenade-throwing and machine-gunning.

Yet you assert that "the women of this country are determined to learn how to fight. The only thing the Government can do is to yield gracefully."

No, the clamour is raised by very few women. Most recognise that they are no more fitted to handle a Tommy-gun than most men are able to bath the baby. —JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir JAMES GRIGG, M.P., Minister for War

DEAR SIR,—The decision to allow all ranks to wear civilian shoes with battle-dress and to discard anklets—while off duty or when working in offices—has earned you the troops' gratitude.

I was at a military headquarters when the news came through, and the men's expressions of pleasure were good to hear.

A few lines of print had banished the envy aroused by the smarter uniforms of the Allied and Dominion troops in our midst.

Some old-fashioned commanding officers have a habit of ignoring Army Council instructions that don't agree with their prejudices. This latest A.C.I. is one they mustn't be allowed to forget! —JOHN BULL.

Sir CECIL GRAVES, Joint Director-General, B.B.C.

DEAR SIR CECIL,—Has no one told you that the Sunday night radio postscript has in general become a dull stop-gap instead of the valuable and provocative viewpoint it once was?

Your listeners do not need lulling to sleep at so early an hour.—JOHN BULL.

WILLIAM ROBERT STALLARD, Oakdale, near Poole

SIR,—Thank your lucky stars you live in Britain.

Some of the tools you stole from your employers had taken six months to obtain, and their theft caused serious delay to war production.

But it was hardly a serious penalty—a £5 fine—that the Bench imposed on you. Hitler would not have been so gentle.—JOHN BULL.

Sir ARTHUR AITON, Derbyshire Chamber of Trade

DEAR PRESIDENT,—Stick to trade and leave diplomacy to the tactful.

"Far be it from me," you begin, "to belittle what Russia has done." Then you proceed to point out that she entered the war because her "ally" double-crossed her.

You rejoice at "America coming in to join us," but accuse her of not making up her mind until "she was driven in."

Too many people are ready to criticise our most powerful partners, whose efforts are probably too great for them to comprehend.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. HUGH DALTON, M.P., President, Board of Trade

DEAR SIR,—I am in favour of more rationing. But the scheme to ration fuel threatens to be a costly monstrosity.

It would result in a monstrous new avalanche of forms. A new army of meter-readers. A new army of official pen-pushers. And perhaps a monstrous waste of metal and men to make new "stop-watch" meters.

You must produce something simpler than that.

For a start, cut out waste of labour. I know a block of flats served by *four* coal merchants—one would obviously be enough.—JOHN BULL.

Sir PERCY BATES, Cunard Steamship Company

DEAR SIR,—You forget something in your shocked reference to people "who have the leisure to plan a new earth."

You forget that your fellow-shipowners have already planned a paradise for themselves when the war ends, and have submitted the blue-print to the Government.

A convenient lapse of memory, eh? —JOHN BULL.

The PARKS COMMITTEE, Croydon

GENTLEMEN,—Many of your ratepayers still await the chance to Dig for Victory. There are still idle acres in Thornton Heath Recreation Ground. But you have decided that no further plots of that ground may be used for allotments.

It may shame you to learn that even the famous bowling green on Plymouth Hoe is being converted into a source of food.—JOHN BULL.

Money Isn't Power!

ARGUE IT OUT
★
By Pallas

MORE than thirty years ago a strange, misshapen, young American, who called himself General Homer Lea, wrote a book on the war to come between U.S.A. and Japan.

In the book Lea described in detail the campaign in the Philippines, showed why the islands could not be held. And he uttered this prophetic warning to his fellow Americans so busily engaged in chasing the shining dollar:

"*A nation which is rich, vain and unprepared provokes wars and hastens its own ruin. . . . A nation can become so rich that its very wealth will bankrupt it in a war with a country poor but frugal and warlike. . . . All the riches of the world cannot supply national unity, nor that perseverance which is unappalled by disaster.*"

★ ★ ★

This war has proved Lea wrong in his fears. Disasters both to U.S.A. and Britain have merely served to intensify the will to victory. It has proved, too, that riches need not necessarily sap the virility of a nation.

Out of the lessons of war are coming new economic ideas. False financial gods are falling, never, I hope, to be restored to that eminence which in pre-war days made them feared and respected.

From the U.S. National Resources Planning Board comes this interpretation of the real strength of a nation:

"*When we organise for maximum production on the basis of full employment without being stopped by the costs, we discover, as have other nations, that increased production pays the real costs involved.*

"*Doing the job pays the bill. In other words, the central problem is not money. It is manpower, resources and organisation. At last we are beginning to see that finance was made for man and not man for finance.*"

★ ★ ★

The ledgers of the world are closed. Profit and loss in terms of money are forgotten words. After the war, when a shattered world faces the greatest reconstruction problems in history, the old economic precepts will not provide a solution.

Demands of war have sent the productive power of the world soaring to incredibly new high levels. Switched haphazardly to peace time production that power would glut an impoverished world with goods it couldn't buy.

Where is the remedy to be found? Not in terms of money, but in the distribution on a more equitable basis of the goods the world produces.

Money doesn't matter. Resources, skill and labour do. Those will still be ours when the war is over. Social security is more important than money; happiness comes before financial "laws."

Which may be damned bad economics but is still mighty good sense.

★ When Britain lived her greatest hour, the Home Guard rose to the occasion and played its part with valour. Many untold deeds of epic bravery are revealed in this series—the chronicles of our spare-time army *versus* Hitler

Modest Heroes of the Home Guard

By MARK PRIESTLEY

THE night skies were littered with stars and Jerries. The H.E.s and incendiaries came sizzling down, and, whether by accident or design, the Nazis had picked one of the most inflammable factories in Britain.

As soon as the A.R.P. chaps spotted the flames a signal went out to every fire brigade in a twenty-mile radius. But when the first red car jangled to the scene of the fire, there wasn't a flicker.

A blackened, grinning captain of the Home Guard greeted the firemen.

"All serene!" he said.

Maybe that's why no one has yet told the story of the Home Guard in the Front Line—the sector that ran and runs still through the streets and factories of Britain.

The Shadow Men

The H.G.s were the shadow men of the blitz—and content to remain so.

Men like Sergt. Johnny Chantler, of Tyneside, who scorned a delayed action bomb dropped by the Nazis to keep fire-fighters at bay, saved thousands of pounds' worth of valuable material from destruction by fire—and then said he hadn't been trained as a fireman, anyway!

Men like Section Commanders Fred McEwen and Joe McKeown, who worked for hours under creaking, sliding débris to bring men and women to safety. . . .

They had already been on duty for fourteen hours at wrecked houses and fires beyond number. They were told an A.R.P. rescue party had given up the task as too hazardous, impossible and hopeless. There is a limit to bravery.

But for seven hours more they sweated and strained, and another three lives were saved.

You've heard of Jack Cornwall, the naval hero of the last war. In this war, there's only been hush-hush for Charlie Cornwall—of the Home Guard. . . .

A freak bomb pierced the boilers of a railway engine. The blast and shrapnel knocked the driver and fireman silly, and the shrouded engine cabin filled with escaping steam.

Into that scalding hell went Charlie. The vapour shrivelled and blistered every inch of his skin. Each breath was a swallow of agony as he fought like a madman to free the driver.

Boiling Pain

The fireman was dead. Life couldn't stand more than a few seconds of boiling pain. *It was like being in the boiler itself.*

The driver died from his injuries while being dressed by the ambulance men, but the day came when Charlie went to Buckingham Palace—to collect a B.E.M. from the King.

Though they haven't gained the headlines, H.G.s have ranked high in the honours.

Did you hear of Section Leader George Turner's affray with an oil bomb?

On his way to headquarters post, he didn't mind the H.E.s raining down 80 ft. and 100 ft. distant. Well, not much. Then came one of the Nazis' biggest incendiaries a mere five yards distant—and the ball was in play.

His sisters went with Charlie Cornwall to Buckingham Palace when he collected a B.E.M. from the King

The guffaw of explosion blew George high in the air. "I didn't know what was happening," he said.

He knew when he smashed his hip on a concrete paving—on the fringe of a flaming pool of oil!

Near by was fine tinder to make a beacon for the *Luftwaffe*—a wooden building, pyramids of sacks of paper. In excruciating pain, George Turner realised the danger and crawled to the fire alarm.

That wasn't enough. He rallied his men to assist the fire brigade. Back at the heart of the blaze, the paper was catching.

Heedless of his injured hip, his spirit supreme above agony, he KICKED the sacks of paper apart.

Then he began to tear down a pile of sandbags, throwing the sand on the spreading fire, using the bags themselves to beat out the flames.

A gas main burst and ignited. Still he doggedly fought on. Across a yard, he knew, was some asbestos sheeting. He crawled across, every movement meaning pain that made him want to cry out, every inch of the way an eternity of gasping horror.

Somehow he dragged the sheeting to the gas main and suffocated the fire. And, this accomplished, he still crawled on—to turn the gas off at its source.

Merely an Amateur!

Home Guard service!

In Liverpool, now that it can be told, a fusillade of incendiaries fell on the steeply sloping roof of an H.G. post, lodged in the guttering, and set the place well alight.

Lance-Corporal Johnny Piper was corporal of the guard that night. Like many H.G.s, he was merely an amateur, and maybe not completely in trim.

"Let 'em burn," said somebody, "you'll kill yourself getting them out!"

In less time than that takes to say, Piper had begun his way down the roof. He slipped and slithered—and the drop at the bottom meant a broken neck!

The ack-ack was thundering and shrapnel came clattering down. The bombs were red-hot as Piper tossed them out of harm's way.

He cleared the roof of six. Then he tried to clamber back up the roof, but it was too steep and impossible. It hadn't seemed so difficult coming down.

In the end, Piper had to be hauled up at the end of a stirrup pump hose!

That's not all the story by a long chalk, but there's no real end to the saga of Home Guard gallantry.

Reports of hazards faced and overcome have poured in to the War Office. B.E.M.s have literally been dealt out by the dozen.

When flaming gasholders have given away the presence of sleeping towns to the raiders, H.G.s have gone aloft—like Platoon Commander Haigh—and crushed out the fires.

Changed Their Minds

Often the authorities themselves have ferreted out the truth only when an H.G.'s absence from parade has led to inquiries.

Intending to reprimand Volunteer Syd Anthony, they found him in bed with severe burns from life-saving!

At the height of one of the worst air raids, he'd gone head-first into a house that was falling to pieces. Inside the ruins he found a wounded man trying to rescue his six-year-old child.

Anthony saw him to safety. "I'll see the kid's O.K.," he promised.

The flooring was giving way beneath him. The only way to reach the boy was to crawl over a dining-table below the partially fallen ceiling. Half-way across, the flex from the power wires to the radio set his clothes alight.

Syd beat out the flames, and then the roof collapsed. He crawled on through the choking dust, and found the kid safe under a sofa—and the chimney-stack tumbled in ruins.

He pulled the child clear in the nick of time.

These are merely sample cases from hundreds, for the term H.G. has a double meaning.

Sure, it stands for High Gallantry.

FRAU GRUSSER WRITES A LETTER

FRAU ELISABETH GRUSSER lived in Number 5, Ringstrasse, in the Pankow suburban district of Berlin. Frau Grusser is a very ordinary German woman, married, middle-aged. She was always regarded as a good Nazi.

Indeed, she took her duties to the Nazi State so seriously that she at once volunteered when the local Nazi Women's Organisation appealed to members to write to foreign German women and "maintain contact between them and the German Reich."

Frau Grusser was given the address of a German woman in Transylvania, and went home quickly to write her a long letter, intended to give this foreign German woman an exact picture of a woman's life in war time Berlin. She covered eleven pages in narrow writing.

★ ★ ★

Here are a few of the central passages of her letter:

"Yes, I have often heard it said," wrote Frau Grusser, "that you people abroad envy the German women in the Reich because they live at the centre of great events.

"But is our lot so enviable?

"What about the mothers who have lost all their sons in the war? Surely it is sheer hypocrisy to speak of 'proud joy' in such tragic cases, as it is being done in the death announcements. Such a reaction is, at best, due to a distorted psychological attitude.

"I have come to the conclusion that it is best not to think about the madness of this war.

"My everyday life, anyway—and, with insignificant differences, it is that of every woman in Germany—is full of troubles to keep my mind occupied.

"There are many hours of queueing in the market every day. Then, in the last moment, a soldier on leave or a sick woman with preferential ration books cut in and snap up the last cabbage. It is not surprising under these circumstances that I am often seized by fits of uncontrollable fury. Such things happen not once but several times every day.

"You ought to look at my hands. They are rough and grey. I have no soap and must wash them with scouring powder, and there is no cream to smooth them.

"We have, of course, all lost weight. Even to-day, Sunday, we have only two slices of buttered bread with apple-tea, and on most weekdays we have semolina pudding, oats, or some such stuff made with water.

"I have a little bit of sausage left, part of what I bought many months ago. It is impossible to figure out how little of it I had every week.

"Under these circumstances the artificial gaiety of the wireless programmes are surely insulting. We have really nothing to laugh about."

★ ★ ★

That, in a nutshell, is a German woman's attitude to war and life in Germany.

But it is a very real, authentic document.

It has been published by the radical Nazi weekly, *Schwarzes Korps*, as an example of "some women's attitude"—an attitude so universal that Goebbels has created a special radio character, a woman who tries to make fun of popular complaints. The *Schwarzes Korps*, of course, denounces Frau Grusser violently.

Frau Grusser is, probably, having a difficult time now that the contents of her letter have thus become known to the Nazi authorities.

In the land of the Gestapo it is not healthy to speak one's mind so freely. . . .

VICTORY HAS W

Here is no flight of spring exuberance. It is a well-reasoned assessment —with a caution—of the dramatic change that is sweeping the war skies on the brink of the whole world's most momentous hour.

By A. G. GARDINER

I FIND much comfort in looking skyward in these days. The ancients used to look skyward, too. In the flight of birds their augurs thought they discovered the fate of men and of nations.

They were mistaken. The birds they watched had no more concern with their affairs than the stars in the firmament or the midges that danced in the sunlight.

But the birds that you and I watch are of another feather. They are not guesses at the unknown. They are certainties. Their message is as stern and inflexible as arithmetic.

WHATEVER ELSE MAY BE IN DOUBT ABOUT THE WAR, ONE THING IS NO LONGER IN DOUBT: THE UNITED NATIONS ARE MASTERS OF THE AIR AND THAT MASTERY IS NOT ONLY ABSOLUTE. IT IS FINAL AND IT IS INFINITELY PROGRESSIVE.

* * *

Two main causes have brought this about. For both we have to thank Hitler.

In turning on Russia he has broken the back of his Luftwaffe. Whatever deductions we make in the Russian estimate of his air losses, they still remain of a magnitude that is irreplaceable in quality if not in quantity.

And in bringing America into the war Hitler has set the greatest power house in the world working at full blast, night and day, for his own destruction.

Up to Christmas last it was we who were "the arsenal of democracy." Now the United States has come in.

Its production of aeroplanes is approaching equality with that of the Axis.

With our own output reaching its peak, and with that of Russia undiminished, the United Nations' supremacy in the air is established. This winter has turned the tide. There will be no ebb.

You can feel the result in the recent momentum of events. They have in them the conviction of conscious power, the confidence of realised strength.

* * *

Take a few of the high lights of these events during the past month.

(1) The sensational descent of the American bombers on the Philippines.

(2) The hold-up of the Japanese in New Guinea, foreshadowing the failure of the attack on Australia.

(3) The bombing of the Japanese cities by planes en route from America for China, foreshadowing a coming air offensive from China.

(4) The daylight destruction of the Renault factory.

(5) The smashing daylight blow at the Diesel works at Augsburg.

(6) The wiping out of Lubeck.

Bombers like this Blenheim are playing a big part in wresting supremacy from the Luftwaffe

(7) Above all, the ceaseless night bombing of the Ruhr, the great power house of the Axis.

IT IS AN IMPRESSIVE CATALOGUE, AND IT IS ONLY THE BEGINNING. EVERY MONTH, EVERY WEEK, EVERY DAY, THE DELUGE WILL RAIN DOWN WITH INCREASING MIGHT.

Who does not recall the boast of the wretched Mussolini in the days of his bombast that he would "darken the sun" with his planes?

Well, the sun is going to be darkened, but not by him.

He, poor jackal, is out of the picture. He does not count even to Hitler, who is selling him out to buy the reptile Laval.

* * *

If the cult of Jeremiah doubt the magnitude of what is happening I ask them to cast their minds back to 1940, when the blitz came.

What was Hitler's calculation then? It was that he would end the war by August, and that he would end it by his supremacy in the air.

He had secretly built up that supremacy to such a height that he could not fail to win. We should be knocked out before we could get the weapons to defend ourselves.

The sky would be darkened for ever for us. No British aeroplane would ever stain the sky of Germany. He had the word of his fat friend Goering for that.

The Battle of Britain disillusioned him. It did more. Though the world did not think so then, it preluded his defeat as certainly as the Battle of the Marne in 1914 preluded the defeat of Germany in the last war.

Contrast the position then, my good Jeremiah, with the position to-day. The weapon with which Hitler reckoned on winning the war is knocked out of his hand.

The supremacy in the air has passed to us. It will never be taken from us. It will grow with the certainty of a mathematical law.

* * *

Do not let me be misunderstood. I am as distrustful of extravagant hopes as of extravagant fears. There must be no hallooing before we are out of the wood. And we are still far from being out of the wood.

In spite of the magnificent achievements of Russia, it would be folly to assume that Hitler has shot his bolt there.

What we can reasonably say is that the odds which were once so heavily on Hitler are on him no longer. There is an even chance that the whole Nazi structure may crash there before another winter.

There is much more than an even chance that Hitler's power will be still more fatally bled there.

And so with Libya. It is still in the balance. With our command of the sea and the air the issue should be safe, but no confident forecast is justified on the existing facts.

In the Battle of the Atlantic we have more than held our own. Our life-line is still intact.

But our losses in tonnage are grave, and Hitler has formidable raiders which, in a desperate "all-out" gamble, might seriously imperil our position.

Nor can we forget that our sea power has been alarmingly breached, and that Hitler's Axis partner is temporarily master of the Pacific, and has penetrated to the Indian Ocean.

He has stretched his communications dangerously, and we may confidently expect that the rope which he has spun with such frenzied speed will ultimately hang him. But we cannot shut our eyes to the immediate danger.

Can Laval Make

THE question is not whether Laval *will* do everything he can to help Hitler.

It is whether he *can* do everything he would like to.

Laval, like all the quislings, knows that his only chance to survive the war is a German victory.

* * *

He would not hesitate to give Hitler all he wants—if he were only sure that the French army, navy and air force would obey an order to fight against the Allies.

But he knows that this is at least doubtful. He is perfectly aware of the hate and contempt which surround him in his own country.

He agreed to compromise with Pétain and Darlan on the control of the French forces because he was afraid of widespread mutinies.

Rightly or wrongly, many French people, particularly in the army and navy, still believe that Pétain and Darlan are men of honour and genuine patriots.

Laval tactics will now aim at letting Pétain and [illegible] orders which he [illegible] issued himself [illegible] military and naval [illegible]

He will endeavour [illegible] first clash between [illegible] Allied forces under [illegible] which will be [illegible] the ordinary French [illegible] will be made to believe [illegible] on his side, and that [illegible] defending himself [illegible]

The rest would follow [illegible] cally: France would [illegible] the Allies "accordi[illegible] Hitler's and Laval's [illegible]

*

To foil that plan [illegible] question of political [illegible] At Oran, Dakar [illegible] where French forces [illegible] orders, they have [illegible] what was happening [illegible] They found themselves [illegible] middle of an armed [illegible] thought they were [illegible] selves against an [illegible] It may happen [illegible] propaganda does not [illegible]

WINGS

And Hitler has other strings to his bow. He is always most dangerous in the field of political cunning, and his *coup* in France adds to the menace inherent in the possibilities of the French fleet.

It may have other effects. It may convulse France into action. We do not know. We must be prepared for the worst.

* * *

All this must be borne in mind. But it does not detract from the fact that the command of the air has passed from the Axis to the United Nations.

It has become an axiom of the experts that wars cannot be won from the air alone. Hitler thought they could and it was his first cardinal blunder.

But in the circumstances of to-day mastery of the air is the essential of victory. It is not the consummation of victory, but it is the prelude to victory.

IN ACCOMPLISHING IT THE UNITED NATIONS HAVE MADE THE ISSUE OF THE WAR AS CERTAIN AS ANY HUMAN ISSUE CAN BE, FOR AIR SUPREMACY IS A DECISIVE ELEMENT IN EVERY ACTIVITY OF WAR, ON SEA AND ON LAND.

It is the protecting umbrella of the army. It is the vision of the Fleet—witness the fate of the Bismarck. It is the guardian angel of the convoy.

Most important of all, it strikes at the sources of power. The submarine menace is diminished by the smashing blow at the Diesel engine factory at Augsburg.

The weight of Hitler's blow at Russia is lessened by the destruction of the Renault tank factory at Paris. And so on.

And the supremacy in the air implies something else. It implies ultimate supremacy in the whole mechanism of war—tanks, warships, guns, merchantmen.

It implies the supremacy of industrial power which is the arbiter of victory.

This is why I look skyward with growing content.

France Fight Us?

Darlan give the could not have hout provoking a rebellion.

ur to provoke the en French and r circumstances complicated that h soldier or sailor lieve that right is that he is merely and his country. follow automatid be at war with according to plan"—'s plan!

*

n is essentially a political warfare.

r and in Syria, es obeyed Vichy no clear idea of ing.

emselves in the ed encounter and e defending themnprovoked attack. again if Allied not make it plain without delay to the French nation that we anticipate all the devilish moves by which Laval will try to provoke the first clash.

* * *

I said "Allied" propaganda, because it is essential that the action of the United States towards Vichy-France does not differ any longer from that of Great Britain.

If possible there should also be at least a token American force wherever the danger of the first clash may arise.

Laval was, as usual, cunning in not saying one word about the United States in the speech in which he insulted Britain. He knows that Anglophobia may always appeal to a certain section of the French people, but that they have not the slightest excuse for anti-American feelings.

The French fleet may be induced to fire at the Union Jack.

But I am confident that it would rather mutiny than fire at the Stars and Stripes.

VICTOR SCHIFF.

★ JOHN BULL has criticised the National Fire Service, will no doubt do so again—but it is only right that its vast scope and achievements should be realised.

Let's Look at the New Fire Army

NEVER shall I forget watching what counted as the biggest fire of this century until the present war broke out.

It devoured the heart of Leicester's main industrial centre in a night.

The fire-fighting resources of the entire Midlands—possibly those of London as well—should have been used in that fire.

But actually the firemen of a city of a quarter of a million people had very little outside help.

Why?

Because there were then 1,451 different fire brigades in this country with 1,451 different commands.

There wasn't an iota of co-operation between those different commands.

There wasn't a particle of State control of them.

Let 'em Burn!

You just bought your fire brigade out of the rates—and if a fire broke out somewhere outside your rateable area you could let it burn itself out if you pleased.

JOHN BULL fought against that wicked state of affairs as no local authority fought, and certainly as no other newspaper fought.

We pressed for a National Fire fire, rang an alarm.

And at last a National Fire Service has come.

Some scores of thousands of specially enlisted wartime firemen—who will ever forget the glories of their old initials, A.F.S.?—have been merged with the 10,000 regular firemen who used to serve under 1,451 different commands.

And these heroes of the blitzes, built into a monster network over the whole of Britain, have become the N.F.S.

And now we who fought so hard and so long for this nation-wide service, criticise it.

We have criticised waste, inefficiency, and particularly the fact that there are higher pay scales and better pensions for the old peace-time firemen than for the new—who are called on to do just the same work.

We consider we have a particular right to criticise, and, without doubt, will do so again.

A Great Service

But we are not going to blind you to a miracle.

We tell you: this is a great service. Many of its worries are teething pains.

Many more are due to the fact that it was born in the terrible days — or nights — of the fire blitzes.

Fault of all faults is that it should have started from scratch in the easy days of peace.

But there are critics of the N.F.S. with whom we disagree.

They will not give it a chance.

They hate the idea of nationalisation. Or they hate seeing their local fire brigade pass out of their hands.

They say: "We did it cheaper and better when we had our own brigade."

Of course they did. Fires just started then.

To-day they are fed hour after hour by a relentless enemy, with the fiercest incendiary matter known.

In those days, somebody saw the fire, rang an alarm.

To-day, sixty fires may start in sixty parts of the town simultaneously, and in other towns as well.

Of course it has become dearer. Of course fire calls have to go through more cumbersome machinery.

For to-day a supreme command has to be in a position to deploy the entire fire-fighting forces of the country.

How?

The country is divided into thirty-seven areas. London, having the biggest fire risk, is served by three of them.

But the country is divided in yet another way—into twelve regions, for reasons which you will see later.

But the administration unit is a division.

Where we used to have 1,451 totally independent entities called "fire brigades," we now have some hundreds of co-operating entities known as divisions.

Vast Resources

The divisional officer may have under him a thousand full-time men and vast resources in fire-fighting plant.

If he needs help he will get it long before his last pump has gone into use.

He will go to Fire Force Command, which can get him help from other divisions.

Or if Fire Force Command has put everything it has got into the fight, he can go to the region.

And if the whole of the region is extending its resources he can go to Fire Control—which has the national resources at its call.

"We didn't want a lot of officials," say some of the critics.

How true. Perhaps the parson's wife took the call, and rang bells in the homes of the firemen.

There were brigades staffed by men who were part-time firemen and part-time workers in one or other council department.

But to-day such small towns and villages may be, without knowing it, the centre of a division covering two counties and taking in thirty or forty brigades.

Professional and war time firemen have been mixed together in teams in the proportions of one professional to nine newcomers.

It is admitted that they are sometimes not quite as good as the old professional teams. But that fault is passing.

The N.F.S. has had an unenviable job.

It has had to take over pre-war firemen, qualifying for seven different types of pension and paid on a hundred different scales. These contracts, naturally, have had to be honoured.

Commander Firebrace he flies through flak to reach cities which are being bombed!

It has mixed them with men whom it has had to pay ordinary Civil Defence rates of £3 14s. a week, and whose pensions are no more than in the case of a civilian killed while crawling under the bed.

These distinctions are detestable to us, and we shall always criticise them. *But the N.F.S. doesn't like them, either.*

A fireman's life used to call for a lot of watching and waiting.

To-day they build fire stations, engineer their own emergency water supplies, lay miles of steel pipes, design contraptions enabling water to be got from rivers at low tide.

The Other Battle

And the actual story of what the N.F.S. has done, when told in full, will read like another Battle of Britain.

Fire brigades pouring from distant towns, at dead of night, to cities where red hell was raging, with the *Luftwaffe* feeding the flames as fast as these men of unconquerable spirit could quench them.

And higher officials flying to these distant blitzes by aeroplane, through our own flak, and landing with German bombers overhead. Such men as Commander A. N. G. Firebrace, Chief of the Fire Staff, have often done that.

All of them—high officials and ordinary firemen alike—going to relieve comrades "with little left except the will which says: 'Hold on!'"

All this has grown, clumsily, expensively, not always sensibly, out of 1,451 commands that just didn't know one another.

This is a free country, and we can criticise it. But let us all be fair.

M. F.

DON'T GIVE UP THE PAPER CHASE

Sir Wyndham Childs' Comments

AXED OFFICERS' PLIGHT

THERE were few material protests at the recent news that there was to be a comb-out of Army officers over forty-five.

People thought in terms of operations in the field. They decided that control of such operations was a young man's job.

So there was almost unanimous endorsement of the War Office action.

Then the instruction to commanding officers on the subject—the A.C.I., as such instructions are known—left so much to individual discretion.

What We Thought

It was felt that there would be no crowding out of a budding Earl Roberts, who won the Boer War at sixty-eight—and certainly no crowding out of any budding MacArthur.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Miss A. Sisk, Hollins Crag, Haltwhistle, Northumberland, has been awarded this week's £1 1s. for useful information.

Send me details of any case you feel merits inquiry, marking your envelopes "Public Benefactor."

It looked as if Sir James Grigg, the new Secretary of State for War, had planned a most cautious rejuvenation.

And now the first stage of that comb-out is over.

It is understood that some 10,000 "over-forty-five" officers have gone. But so, too, has that unanimity that greeted the War Office's action.

For the evidence is that those instructions have been carried out, as A.C.I.s so often are, with a ridiculous lack of flexibility.

Some middle-aged officers have been sacked from operational jobs in which their ages were a handicap.

Their Age an Asset

But many more have been kicked out of sedentary posts in which their ages were a positive asset.

We hear of officers in accountancy and other such sections who have had to give up their jobs to physically fit young men.

In other words, this rejuvenation has actually *deprived* fighting units of youth instead of conferring youth on them.

The displaced officers have been given forty-eight hours' leave in which to say good-bye to the Army, another forty-two days' leave on pay and allowances to enable them to find work, and that, apart from a letter of thanks, is the end.

Now it is well to remember how most of these men came to be in the Army.

They were officers in the last war.

The majority of them, responding to a very urgent appeal when the war broke out, gave up jobs worth anything from £300 to £2,000 a year to accept a second-lieutenant's pay of 10s. a day.

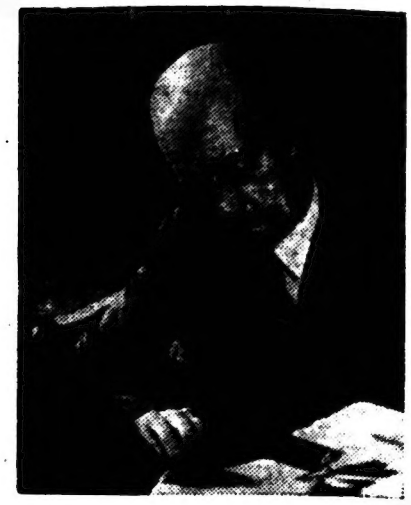
In previous wars such old warriors have gone back at their old rank—and some of these men were captains, majors, colonels.

They went back without a protest as second-lieutenants because they were badly needed.

A smaller number of them heard another appeal addressed to ex-officers after we had lost a great wealth of experienced Army leaders at Dunkirk—especially men with the ability to train.

To-day, in many cases with their jobs or businesses and their homes gone, they find themselves jobless, without a bonus, without anything but forty-two days' pay, and with no Hardship Tribunal to help them with a ha'penny.

They are promised an issue of clothing coupons some time in the future—but as for money with which to buy the clothing, there is none.



Sir Wyndham Childs is watching this matter very carefully

Now make no mistake: if a vast number of private soldiers were to be displaced from the Army in the same way I should protest just as vehemently.

There is an Appointments Branch of the Ministry of Labour to which, it is said, these men can apply for jobs.

And it has been stated that few have applied.

That makes very strange the fact that a big number have applied to the Officers' Association for news of jobs.

Insult to Ability

One whose case has been brought to my notice, a man with undoubtedly high qualities of leadership, has been offered nothing more remunerative than a job as timekeeper, night-watchman, or door-keeper.

I believe that when this Government says it is going to do its best to rehabilitate our fighting men properly after the war, it means what it says.

But it should be remembered: this *is* after the war for those thousands of displaced officers.

And the whole Army is watching to see what is going to happen to men who have served loyally and well.

Let the Government not weaken faith in a promise which I firmly believe it intends to keep.

SHARE BLITZ PAYMENT ON MORTGAGED HOMES!

AN official booklet which tells the story of the British people's gallantry and heroism during the *blitz* is nearly ready.

But one thing it will not tell—the plight of considerable numbers of people who were buying their demolished houses through building societies.

These people are having a very raw deal under the existing arrangements.

Roughly, the position is that practically all compensation when paid—in most cases after the war—will go to the building societies.

Meanwhile, with often nothing left but the gutted site where their house stood, many people are having to continue interest payments to building societies.

It may be true that the reputable societies do not enforce immediate payment if undue hardship would be inflicted, but the charges are not cancelled. They pile up and will have to be faced some day.

The case of a Beckenham (Kent) man is typical

His house, which he was buying through a building society, was completely destroyed.

By law, he was liable to go on paying off his mortgage charges, but, because of his financial difficulties, the society waived them for the time being.

Caught Both Ways

Then, after long delay, the War Damage Commission offered what he described as "a scandalous assessment" of compensation to be paid at the end of the war.

If he accepted it the money would go to the building society and he would still be liable for the balance of the amount advanced by the society, plus all interest and other charges which had mounted up in the meantime.

And, at the end, all he would have would be the site where his house had been!

This case, of which there are no doubt thousands throughout the country, shows how chaotic and unfair is this section of the present War Damage Scheme.

Sir Kingsley Wood has just announced that a new Bill is shortly to be introduced to remedy some of the defects which have been revealed.

I hope that the grave injustice I have referred to will be straightened out in the remedies promised.

This particular position was foreseen by some M.P.s when the original Bill was discussed in the House of Commons.

Then, the Chancellor of the Exchequer suggested that in practice the arrangement would work out much better than was anticipated, but experience has shown otherwise.

Face it Squarely!

This time I hope that Members will make sure that the whole position is faced squarely and cleared up.

Obviously there will have to be some sacrifice by people who have lost their homes, but the compensation that is available must be shared much more fairly between the societies and people who will have to face the whole question of building or buying new homes after the war.

The Strange Case of Two Quislings

SEVERAL weeks ago a 'plane flying from Bangkok to Tokyo was reported to have crashed and all its occupants to have been killed.

It emerged that the passengers of the aircraft were a group of Indian Quislings who had been discussing plans for an Indian revolution and wanted Tokyo to finance and support them.

★ ★ ★

Their leader was said to be Subhas Chandra Bose, the Indian extremist.

Denial of the crash story revealed that there appear to be two Boses, both Indians, both revolutionary extremists, both Quislings in Axis pay!

There was only one difference between them—a difference, however, with important political implications: One Bose is in Tokyo assailing India with a war of nerves on behalf of the Japanese; the other is in Berlin directing Germany's "Indian policy," broadcasting, writing, agitating.

One suggests that India's salvation will come from Hitler; the other asks Indians to put their trust in Tojo.

Britain and India can watch this contest of two political adventurers, a contest unique even in the amazing history of modern Fifth Columnism, with equanimity.

To a certain extent the two Quislings' efforts cancel each other out. They help to bring into the open one of the sore points of Axis "collaboration." They are fighting each other over the distribution of the loot before their masters have been able to put their hands on it.

It is as yet uncertain which of the two, Bose of Berlin or Bose of Tokyo, is the real Indian revolutionary who hopes to get for himself the crown of India by the grace of the Axis.

The Nazis are publicising every word their Bose says.

Long-winded commentaries imply that Bose — Subhas Chandra Bose — is "Hitler's man." His whereabouts, the Nazis say, must be kept secret, but they hint that he is in Berlin.

★ ★ ★

Reports from Tokyo show that *their* Bose is now forming a sort of Indian exile government and preparing to fight not only Britain but also India, Nehru, Ghandi and all!

The mystery will probably not be cleared up until the two Axis partners decide on their common political strategy against India—if any!

Meanwhile, the Nazis are staking their claim to India even more energetically than Japan.

They have put one of their skilled agents on the job, a man by the name of Thierfelder, who has been to India and has only recently described Bose—the Nazi Bose—as "the future Fuehrer of India."

* * *

Thierfelder emphasises the "bonds between Germany and India"—he thinks the two countries have a lot in common—and uses all the Nazi paraphernalia of subterfuges, tricks, falsifications of propaganda and diplomacy, to confuse India and the Indians.

They do not expect Hitler and Ribbentrop—or Tojo, for that matter—to understand Nehru's language and appreciate his appeal to India to fight the Nazi and Japanese Fascist would-be invaders.

But Indian troops speak with their arms, killing the Germans in Africa and the Japs in Burma as fast as they can.

WILLI FRISCHAUER.

STRANGER THAN FICTION . . . By WALDO KELLAR

Mystery of a Perfect Murder

WE are told, in crime stories, that the criminal always makes a slip—one little error of judgment that brings him in due course to the gallows or to penal servitude.

You must have read scores of stories like that. They lead up to the moral: Crime Does Not Pay.

The moral is a good one, and sound. Crime really does not pay, in the end. The criminal loses—if only by ceasing to be an honest man. Again, he cannot keep on one level of criminality: he has to sink and sink, so that he finally damns himself.

But it is not true that the criminal is invariably punished by human justice.

He may frequently be found out; but still he sometimes evades the consequences that are supposed to wait behind the bits and pieces of a broken law. I mean: your thief isn't invariably sent to jail, and your murderer *can* get away.

Science in detection has made crime hard and dangerous as a profession. Five thousand years of human ingenuity leap to the assistance of the police as soon as somebody finds a dead body.

Yet there have been occasions when the police have had to stop, completely baffled.

And I know of at least one case in which they caught the perpetrator of a very ugly crime, and, knowing with absolute certainty that he had committed it, had to let him go.

He was a charming gentleman from the Balkans, an ex-army captain named Poderzaj.

(By a disturbing coincidence the relentless but futile hunt for evidence to be used against Poderzaj threw up another "perfect murder"—the horrible mystery of the nameless, headless torso in the unclaimed trunk, which broke into such startling headlines a few years ago.

But that has nothing to do with this story. I am telling you about Poderzaj.)

He used to live near St. John's Wood, in North-West London. He was a large, handsome man; dark, suave, amiable in manner, and of a more-than-English courtesy—a studied courtesy that bordered on oiliness.

Women liked him.

In the course of time he left London and went to New York. He met a lady lawyer, a woman of mature years and keen judgment, Miss Tufverson.

Love is not blind, but infatuation is. The keen, clear-headed lawyer fell for the impecunious captain, who had *Adventurer* written as it were on his forehead.

HE said he loved her. They were married: it was a lightning courtship. The strange fascination of Poderzaj overcame every obstacle that common-sense could oppose to the winning of Miss Tufverson.

Her friends warned her that this marriage was a mistake. They were right: it was the kind of mistake one is allowed to make only once in a lifetime—the kind of mistake a woman might make if she stepped off the roof of a very high building in the dark.

Miss Tufverson signed her own death warrant.

She had saved about twenty-five thousand dollars, which she had in cash in her bank. Soon after the marriage she drew out her entire cash balance. The newly married couple had decided to go to Europe for a holiday.

Miss Tufverson had said little about her plans to her family. She simply went away in that strange dazed ecstasy which sometimes overwhelms women in love.

The Poderzaj couple were staying at an hotel. Among other luggage they had four large cabin trunks. *Four.* Remember the number.

THE day before they were due to sail they had their luggage loaded on a taxi and rode with it to the wharf.

The taxi driver remembered. It was a queer kind of fare he had taken on. They quarrelled violently in the taxi. Then, as the driver was about to pull up at the prearranged stop, Captain Poderzaj leaned out, and said: "Go back."

"Back where?"

"To the hotel."

The driver returned. The big dark gentleman seemed to be in the worst possible temper. They went back to their room, taking their luggage with them.

Next morning, Captain Poderzaj ordered another taxi.

The porters took his luggage down. There were the valises and little bags. There were the four large trunks. . . .

No. There were *five* large trunks. One of them was a cheap one which they had never seen before, and it was exceedingly heavy.

Poderzaj got on the boat.

The lady? She had decided not to come; Poderzaj was going on his honeymoon trip alone. And would they please put in his cabin the *very* heavy trunk, the very *heaviest* of the five trunks . . . would they be so kind? It was urgently wanted on the voyage.

So the liner took to the sea.

And then Mrs. Poderzaj's sister, acting on some strange feminine impulse, told the police that her sister was missing. She accused the dark captain of having stolen her money. She raised an uproar that nobody could ignore.

When the liner docked in England the police asked the captain where his wife was.

He said, "I don't know."

"But you've just married her."

"Yes."

"And you don't know where she is?"

"I don't know."

"That trunk which was in your cabin —where is it?"

One of the trunks was a cheap one they hadn't seen before, and it was exceedingly heavy

"I don't know."

The heavy trunk was gone. There were some scratches about the porthole. But no trunk.

"My trunks are in the hold," he said.

They were. They contained all his more important clothes. They also contained Mrs. Poderzaj's clothes.

"What have you done with your wife?"

"Nothing."

"When did you see her last?"

"Before I left New York."

"Why did she not sail with you?"

"A disagreement."

"Why did you get an extra trunk the morning your wife disappeared?"

"I wanted one."

"What for?"

"To put things in."

"Where is it now?"

"I wish I knew."

"You have the money your wife drew out of the bank: more than twenty thousand dollars."

"She gave it to me."

"Her clothes!"

"She left in a temper."

"Left for where?"

"To visit friends."

And so the cross-examination went on. Poderzaj said he knew nothing.

The naked facts stared the police in the face. He had his wife's clothes and money; the day after he had quarrelled with her she had disappeared; he had sailed with a mysterious trunk; on the voyage this trunk had disappeared; and the ex-Miss Tufverson had disappeared from the face of the earth, never to be seen again.

Cloakrooms were combed out for the missing trunk. In the search other gruesome things came to light; but nothing that provided evidence in the case of the missing lady lawyer from America.

And Poderzaj never talked. He was as silent as the depths of the sea.

So in the end the police had to let him go.

He was deported.

In due course a train dropped him in Vienna. The Vienna Secret Police held him on some charge which was not made public. The devil knows what has happened to him since then.

Time and the recurrent news of the greatest mass-murderer in history (also out of Austria) have swallowed Ivan Poderzaj as a hippopotamus swallows a bun; and the mystery of poor Miss Tufverson will have to wait until the sea gives up its dead.

Human Machine

FREE LESSONS

This war is teaching us many lessons—if we are willing to learn.

The biggest of all the lessons that are now being given to us, free, is that the human being is infinitely adaptable. The first and most important inference to be drawn from this is that we can always and at all times master our circumstances if we wish.

Nothing new in this?

Of course there's nothing new in it; but until people had to master their circumstances or go under, how many ever believed that they really could be boss?

How many really believed in their ability to adapt themselves to anything that came along, any way of life that became necessary, and still retain all their individuality and their initiative and their mental and spiritual freedom?

Precious few!

Yet now we have to do all this, we find to our great surprise that we *can* do it.

We could always do it, of course; but when it wasn't really necessary, very few of us ever tried.

We much preferred to whine and moan about "things being on top of us," about "handicaps" and "disabilities," instead of trusting to our own abilities and our own resilience.

The truth is that happiness and contentment, success and everything that goes with it, depend at bottom on a man being quite certain that he, and not "circumstances," is master of his life.

To believe otherwise is to be the prey of every vague fear that cares to haunt you.

BIG MONEY FOR WASTE PAPER

BIGGEST fillip ever given to the salvage of waste paper—an all-important sinew of war—was by the National Waste Paper Campaign.

And now—£10,000 prize money having been donated by public-spirited organisations—another monster nation-wide competition is on the way.

"The money will be distributed among local authorities whose districts collect the heaviest weight of paper or card salvage per thousand of the population between May 1 and July 31.

The country has been divided into four divisions, one representing Scotland, with £2,500 in prizes devoted to each division.

Prizes *in each division* will be: 1st, £1,000; 2nd, £500; 3rd, £350; 4th, £250; 5th, £200; 6th, £150; 7th, £50.

Save your waste paper, books and cartons, keep them separate from other waste, and bundle them up for the dustman. That is your legal duty, after all.

Then turn out your cupboards for old letters, music, invoices, every scrap that you can spare. And remember, if in doubt, *give* rather than *hoard*.

Size cannot handicap your district. It is the result per thousand of the population that matters.

So help! Better still, help permanently by becoming a Street Salvage Steward. Your council will welcome you with open arms.

THE HOLLOW SHAM OF MOURNING

By HUMANIST

WHAT can be said to the man or woman who never lifts a finger to help a relative when he is in real need, but makes a parade of grief when he is dead? The display of sympathy for the bereaved seems altogether hypocritical.

An old couple lived next door to me for years, *writes a widow.* **The man was a widower and a complete invalid. He was cared for by an elderly relation. He died only last night, and his daughters, who have never been near him during his long illness, are making a fuss because they have been approached to help with the funeral expenses.**

They argue that the old lady has had the handling of his pension—less than £1 a week—as well as receiving relief. They have the insurances to draw. Ye gods! And all this is going on while the old father awaits burial!

In such a case, the display of sympathy for the bereaved seems altogether hypocritical

Yet they have piously pulled down their blinds and are going into deep mourning. They will buy wreaths and act the part of sorrowing daughters.

The coffin has not been ordered as yet, because the daughters are still arguing about the cost.

When is this sort of "bolony" going to die out?

No one can say, but it seems obvious that it is already on the wane. We do not often see those black-edged envelopes and notepaper which were common a few years ago, and we never see those awful mourning handkerchiefs.

The best time to show affection is during life, when a little timely assistance achieves something valuable.

A DIFFERENT sort of problem comes from a mother.

Is it old-fashioned or silly to be honest? *she asks.* **I was brought up in a home which was not strictly religious, but honesty and truthfulness were drilled into us as children.**

But nowadays, partly owing to war time conditions, scrounging seems to be the fashion.

When I went shopping recently, the assistant came after me with a 10s. note as change. She thought I had given her £1. Of course, I refused it. If I had taken it I should have been unhappy for days afterwards. But some of my friends think I was foolish not to take it.

I begin to wonder if I am not old-fashioned, and this is giving me a secret feeling of inferiority.

Of course, it is neither silly nor old-fashioned to be honest. The writer ought to feel, not inferior, but superior in refusing to do shady things.

Moral standards always tend to fall in war time. Hence the constant talk about "wangling," "scrounging," and other forms of crookedness which we first heard during the last war.

But if we have to go through life on the assumption that everybody is dishonest and that nobody's word can be accepted, every man and woman will be kept perpetually on the watch and there can be no co-operation in any sort of enterprise.

Civilised life on those terms would be impossible. Fortunately, most people have too much pride to scrounge.

THIRDLY, a letter from a man who is worried because his boy has been stealing.

I have often heard about the increase in juvenile crime, *he writes,* **but I never dreamt it would be brought home to me. A note from the headmaster stating that my boy, aged ten, had been caught stealing money from the school funds gave me a nasty shock.**

I gave the lad a sound tanning and extorted a promise that such a thing would never happen again. But I am haunted by the fear that it may.

What I want to know is how I should act in such a case.

I don't suppose the ten-year-old lad realised the full seriousness of his action. He saw the money and naturally wanted it. Such a temptation should not have been placed before him.

Depriving him of all his pocket-money would be bad policy, but in some way or other the lesson should be brought home to him. Why not forbid him his usual visit to the cinema for a month?

But the offence should not be allowed to rankle. There must be no continual reminders, suspicions, scoldings.

Let the whole unhappy incident be wiped out and forgotten.

GUINEAS FOR READERS

Every week HUMANIST tackles a post-bag of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name).

COMFORT

WHERE can our hearts find comfort when the voice we love has gone? When the face that made life worth living we can no longer look upon? When the light of our life has vanished, when our work has lost its zest, when Time has become an empty shuck and Hope a cruel jest?

WHERE can our hearts find comfort when our hearts have become a grave, in which lie the Love and Companionship which to our loved ones we gave? When our hopes and deep affections, our happiness and our pride, are numbed and no longer part of us, when the ones we love have died?

WHERE can our hearts find comfort which the World cannot give nor lend, when possessions seem mere commodities and riches are bitter to spend? Then must we turn to Heaven up those roads which our Loved Ones trod, and follow them with our thoughts into the Presence of God. We can glory in their inheritance of a Better Land than we know, where they wander the Shores of Heaven where our prayers are the streams that flow.

WHERE can our hearts find comfort but in the selfless humility that gives thanks to God with Whom they dwell, those lives we no longer see? So we suffer our earthly partings for Eternal Reunion's sake, and our hearts and souls find comfort in the Heaven our Faith shall make.

J. M.

I've Learnt a Lot

★ The writer of this article was born and educated in the British Army—and soldiered in it in the last war. But far more revealing than actual experience, he says, has been his job of reading the thousands of Service letters sent by relatives to "Voice of the Troops" in the last six months. And here he tells you why.

By MAURICE FAGENCE

YOU don't learn much *about* the Army *in* the Army.

And that goes for Navy and Air Force, too.

One "mob" swears by the sergeant-major. Another "mob" swears about him.

Discipline grates in one unit. In another, where it is taught and not inflicted, and where a man is not made to feel belittled by it, equally rigid discipline is quite acceptable.

One cookhouse can give a Ritz touch to boiled swedes. Another will ruin the best rations ever "brought up" by the R.A.S.C.

And so the serving soldier comes to judge the Army by his unit—and not all units are alike.

Add to that the fact that all countries are not alike, and that the man serving in Iceland will see a very different British Army from the man serving in Rhodesia.

But don't expect that I—having pointed out the difficulty of getting a general bird's-eye view of the Army—will proceed to give you one.

The thousands of letters I have read are far too contradictory to enable me to do that.

For men differ, and men's outlooks differ.

I've read letters written from bleak, lonely, windswept sites that you would expect to brown-off any man, but which have said: "Mother, I shall never want any other life than the Army life."

Home, Sweet Home

And letters from men who, having seen half the Seven Wonders of the World, have crouched at the foot of the Sphinx to write: "They can have all their Wonders, Ethel dear, when Hitler has been polished off, as long as they leave me your Sunday dinners and our local park."

But the British Army *has* got certain important characteristics common to all men serving in all units, in whatever country they are called to serve.

One is love of a "Good Sport."

If the War Office were to read as many soldiers' letters as I have read they would issue a special instruction to officers, particularly commanding officers: "Be a Good Sport."

Many is the time I have read such quotations as: "Our colonel sang at our concert the other night—a comic song, too. What a great guy. We'd give our lives for him."

And always high up in a privileged part of the letter.

One man wrote telling his mother about the ceremony of Crossing the Line.

Incidentally, we have had hundreds of descriptions of this ceremony sent in. The fact that we have only been able to use a representative one or two does not reflect on the interest of the others.

The Tables Turned!

But this particular man, having described how men are given doses of castor oil, are presented to King Neptune, are lathered with oil or soot and pushed into the swimming pool as the ship glides over the Equator, added:

"To the absolute surprise of every officer, the Brigadier went into the pool, and it was no accident either. He was ducked three times and came up laughing.

"Three Lancashire lads stood at a rail roaring their heads off, and when the Brigadier saw them he gave a signal to a man with a hose-pipe, and it was turned full on them. It bowled them over and rolled them all over the deck. It was the Brigadier's turn to laugh."

The writer adds the simple words: "I would love to serve under a man like that."

Now read this from another description of a similar ceremony:

"Some of the young officers started seizing and ducking each other, whereupon my captain, Captain ——, went and locked himself in his cabin.

"He told the officers who tried to get him out: 'If you damage that door there will be trouble.'

"He had enjoyed seeing other people lathered and ducked, but, as for himself, well, he is no sort of a Sport."

I have read that description of certain officers in other letters.

And I sense that when a British soldier says of a superior that he is "no sort of Sport" he means that he is no sort of officer, and the soldier is probably not far from being right.

Which brings me to another main characteristic of the British Army—its intelligence.

They Know Tactics

It is probably the most intelligent Army the world has ever known.

I take my hat off to the War Office for making it so in very few years.

Men don't just tell their relatives what they did in particular field exercises—or actual battle. They have a reasonably clear idea as to how what they did fitted in with the general scheme of things.

We of the 1914-1918 Army never did.

On our tiniest field-gun, we rarely knew why we fired, what we fired at, whether we hit anything, or what part we were supposed to be playing.

We were just cogs—and you don't tell a cog what its purpose is.

To-day private soldiers know something about tactics.

Private soldiers write telling wives and

about the Army!

We used to sing: "I want to go home." The soldier of to-day wants to smash Hitler and then go home!

mothers that they have passed through five, six and even more courses, and, war being more technical than it was, far more technical courses than we used to know.

Mind you, there are still foolish officers who will not treat an intelligent Army as intelligent; who, when a man begins to say "I thought, sir," snap out "You're not paid to think."

I know from men's letters that such officers are a brake on the War Office's effort to produce an Army of men able to act on their own initiative—an effort which has already had miraculous results.

Which brings me to another main characteristic in this Army of to-day. It grumbles, but it grumbles more constructively than the old Army.

Seeing few aeroplanes in the sky, it recognises the tragedy of "too little and too late." But it doesn't automatically blame its leaders, as we used to do.

Most soldiers reveal a very quiet confidence in their particular general.

Still, this Army grumbles.

Innumerable men have complained that they have sailed thousands of miles on troopships with canteens stacked with such things as mineral waters and ginger nuts—but without a single writing-pad.

You can't write home on ginger nuts.

Can't Cash Them

Relatives send men postal orders, which are as worthless as old newspapers when they arrive. Even letters from Canada say: "You can't cash them anywhere."

And there are still far too many postal delays between soldiers abroad and their relatives at home—and far too many mistakes in men's accounts.

But there is terrific determination in this Army of ours.

We used to sing: "I want to go home."

The soldier of to-day wants to smash Hitler and *then* go home."

There's another thing about our present-day soldiers:

On active service they have to put up with far more nerve-strain than we of the 1914-18 Armies.

We used to go back to long rests in quiet villages with few aeroplanes to seek us out and worry us.

War goes on all the time for the soldier of to-day.

As letter after letter says: "I am just sitting down to write you a nice quiet letter. . . . Hullo, what's that? A bomb—and we can't see the 'plane."

SWAFFER'S ONE-MAN BRAIN TRUST

DOES WAR OPEN OUR EYES?

● Only now has a Government committee been set up to inquire into the opportunities for training and advancement and the general welfare of young workers in the pits.

Why has this Pit-Boy's charter been so long delayed?

Why is it that, only this month, has a standard contract been signed for touring actors and actresses? Why has it taken a war to start canteens in factories?

Generally, war awakens people to the urgency of improving social conditions.

People, suddenly, are called "war workers," and it is as such, and not because, in peace-time, they serve the community with an equal usefulness, that their long-delayed rights are recognised.

It was because of their share in the last war, and not because they were citizens, and in many cases taxpayers, that women were given the vote.

War is a great awakening.

IS IT TAKING A TURN?

● Suddenly, there is going around a feeling of greater optimism.

For nearly two years we read nothing but bad news. There seemed no sign of hope.

Now, almost dramatically, it is felt that our long attitude of defensiveness is being abandoned—that, at last, we are on the eve of big events.

Washington, indeed, had stressed the need for attack, and, more than that, sent us reinforcements of men and materials which should make it possible.

In Europe we have a superiority in the air—and we are beginning to use it persistently.

It looks like a prelude to the opening of a Second Front, in the form of continuous raids, if nothing else.

We seem to be "on our toes," more. I feel that there is a ground for the optimism—that 1942 may, after all, prove the turning-point of the war.

WHAT IS A "PEOPLE'S PEACE"?

● We have often been told that it was "A People's War." Now Ernest Bevin demands "A People's Peace."

Many argue that the terms should be worked out now. Officialdom replies: "We must win the war first."

The schools of thought, though, will be at strife in the settlement.

The Hapsburgs, for instance, want once again to rule Austria. All sorts of monarchist groups plot and connive.

Bevin means the fullest possible extension of the Atlantic Charter—the use by all nations of the world's products and the application everywhere of the broadest principles of democracy and personal freedom.

If, at the peace table, any of the old shibboleths are listened to, mankind's greatest opportunity in all history will have been missed. We must beware!

WILL TROOPS ABROAD HAVE LEAVE?

● The acute shipping shortage makes any regular leave arrangements impossible, quite apart from military considerations.

Relatives, in some cases, have heard a rumour that leave was being granted, and have caused confusion by writing to their menfolk in Libya, India and elsewhere without being sure of facts.

Although a few men have been sent back long distances, each case has been decided on extreme compassionate grounds.

Actually, more and more men will go abroad. Very few could be spared for leave.

HOW WILL JAPAN BE DEFEATED?

● Had Australia and not Singapore been made our Pacific base—it would have been much safer—things in the Far East would not now look so black.

Even as it is, Siberia, India and China, if used together, could be made a rock on which further Japanese aggression might break.

Then, when the arms pile up, as soon they will, another offensive from Australia and another, southward, from Asia should prove a mortal blow to all Tokio's plans.

As our air-power grows, continued bombing of Japan's towns should hasten the end.

Our former Asian possessions, though, will never again be run by the City of London, but on democratic lines of partnership.

And Here is the VOICE OF THE TROOPS

HERE'S a unit that is doomed to go on eating chicken while it has Lance-Corporal R. Aldridge (784645, Royal Engineers), serving with it.

His letter tells his friend, Mr. Constable, of Leamouth Road, Blackwall, E.14:

Seeing a little Egyptian boy with a poisoned leg, I poulticed it. I continued the treatment for several days, using old bread, and he made a wonderful recovery.

His grateful father came along and presented me with two chickens.

But my reputation has spread. Others come to have all sorts of complaints bread-poulticed. I have five patients at the moment, and every two or three days get a chicken off each.

If anything goes wrong with my work (such as a wire rope breaking) they come and give me a hand, and if ever I leave, the whole village will turn out to see me off.

★ If you have a letter with a good adventure story, we may use it at greater length, with payment at higher rates. 10s. 6d. for all other letters published. Service letters are returned. Address: "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

STRANGE BEDFELLOWS

Somewhere out in North Africa, our fighter pilots—ever on duty—sleep in the open.

One of them is Pilot Officer A. E. Marshall, D.F.M., and he writes to his wife at Bearton Road, Hitchin.

Every night I have a semi-tame gazelle sleeping at the head of my bed. Last night another new pet called, a civet cat. It came along in the night and actually started playing with and teasing the life out of the gazelle.

The civet cat's idea was to get on my bed, make a rush, then leap back on me.

Another pet is a monkey standing 2½ ft.—a real brute. Although all his top teeth have gone, it really hurts when he makes a grab at you.

MADE A MALTESE CROSS!

And we mustn't forget brave little Malta. Gunner H. L. Jones (1111263, Royal Artillery) writes from there to his mother at 5, Netherfield Place, Liverpool, 5:

Was sent to get water in a sort of overgrown handcart pulled by donkey and managed by an old Maltese.

On a narrow track the donkey suddenly decided to do just nothing. Everything else failing, the old driver went on his knees and prayed. Then he cajoled us into pushing.

The old man mixed prayer and temper—until the animal decided to sit down. This was too much for the old boy, who made a rush and bit its nose!

MASS PRODUCED!

There's a bright reference to the Italians in a letter from Private K. Sayell (7538628, Black Watch) to Mrs. Baker, Grove Park, Bury St. Edmunds:

You will probably have read that our old battalion contributed to regimental history in a recent shindy, and provided at least one newshawk with a story.

Our pipe-major—bless his great heart—piped us over and thoroughly enjoyed himself. They gave him the D.C.M. There aren't many great people in the world, but he's one.

He got some pieces of metal in him, but he's still around.

The only clean things in the desert are the white flags with which the Italians surrender. It is suggested that they are supplied by Fascist headquarters, and are carried around in waterproof bags—"cloths, white, defeated soldiers, for the use of."

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

THIS new cut in infants' shoes is absurd. As shoe buyer in a large shop I know it is already impossible to get all the shoes young children need, while footwear for women is obtainable in big variety.—Miss L. S., Derby.

★ ★ ★

My soldier brother wasn't allowed to tell me his address in the Home Forces, but wanted money. Money order duly forwarded, but returned inscribed: "Not accepted unless name of town definitely stated." How absurd!—G. Everett, ex-Serviceman, Cannon Street, Wellingborough, Northants.

★ ★ ★

Doing same work on same assembly plant, R.A.F. fitters travelled four miles to factory on 'bus, civilian colleagues on special 'bus. R.A.F. men had to arrive with bright boots; civilians as they chose.—R. Galsworthy, Rolle Street, Exmouth.

★ ★ ★

Pity the poor clergy! They had a lot to pay for War Weapons week. The week coincided with the occasion of their Easter Gift offering—and, even in wealthy churches, collections were down tremendously.—Joan Christmas, Lancing, Worthing.

★ ★ ★

Newspapers have been cut down in size but not rate demands, notices of meetings, postal orders, treasury notes, and a hundred and one other things. Everybody should be made to say it in less space.—R. F. Waddon, North Petherton, near Bridgwater.

Although there is not enough SELO FILM today to meet the big demand, all available supplies are being distributed through the usual trade channels. If you are fortunate enough to find some, you can be sure of the unsurpassed results that Selo always gives.

SELO

FILMS MADE BY ILFORD

ILFORD LIMITED, ILFORD, LONDON

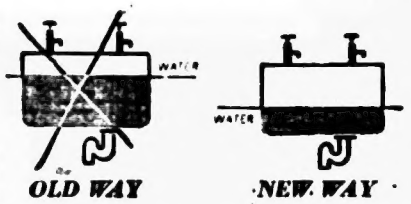
TO MAKE RINSO GO FURTHER

Follow The Less-Water Washing Method

RINSO is so efficient that only quite a small amount will wash the clothes beautifully *if you use only a little water* with it. Use just enough water to cover the clothes when the things are well pressed down. The less water you use, the less Rinso you'll need.

Besides, Rinso lather works so long that one lot of suds does for more than one lot of clothes. Start with a good Rinso lather made with hot water straight from the tap and leave your whites to soak in it for 12 minutes. When you take them out, give your coloureds a 12-minute soak in the same suds.

In this way you can save as much as one-third of the Rinso you normally use, and your clothes will look lovely. Of course, Rinso will do *all* your washing, and the washing-up, too!



OLD WAY *NEW WAY*

No Boiling—Rinso Soaks Clothes Clean

RINSO is a No. 1 soap powder
6 oz. packet 3½d.—1 coupon
12 oz. packet 7d.—2 coupons
(Weight nett when manufactured)

B3144-9 *R. S. Hudson Limited*

THE LAST LAUGH

M. H. (Accrington).—"A shortage of felt may mean the return of the straw hat." We doubt it. When we last saw ours many years ago it was a mere speck in the water and heading due south from the end of Brighton Pier.

D. R. (Uttoxeter).—"I remember patronising a hairdressing saloon where there was a telephone by the side of each chair." What a thrill to ring up a bookmaker and back a horse the barber didn't mention!

A. Y. (Edwinstowe).—"I remember that, when my wife learnt to drive a car, she crashed into the drawing-room window." She probably made the elementary mistake of aiming at the garage.

E. V. (Coventry).—"The railway passenger is advised to take food with him on a long journey." And a newspaper to shelter behind. If you have fellow-passengers who imagine that a restaurant car is still attached, it is cruel to consume sandwiches in the open.

W. I. (Evesham).—"I had an argument with my waiter the other day when he made some really unbelievable statements about history." We shouldn't worry about that so long as his arithmetic is sound.

K. E. (Highbridge).—"How are you able to think of so many witty replies?" That's our business.

I. M. (Edmonton).—"I have always found dogs to be very affectionate and loyal." Nevertheless, we have known dogs attach themselves to people they don't like.

F. G. (Huddersfield). — "What can the traveller do on a country railway platform when he has to wait some time for his train?" He can weigh himself, stroll past the closed refreshment buffet, ascertain that the news-stand has sold out of papers, gaze wistfully at the empty cigarette machines, and weigh himself again.

R. U. (Glossop).—"I see that Goering was recently decorated with his twenty-sixth medal. I suppose you haven't got space to detail them in your paper?" No. And we doubt if Goering has space to detail them on his tunic.

S. N. (Nottingham).—"He once had a job collecting litter in a park, but he was so dumb that he couldn't even do that." But surely that was simple enough. He should have been able to pick it up as he went along.

BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER VISITS THE AMERICANS IN NORTHERN IRELAND

"When Irish eyes is smilin' it don't blinkin' well mean as everyone else's is, do it, mate?"

Side-Slips

ABERDEEN EVENING EXPRESS:—"There should be no thought this year of keeping Christmas CARDS for sentimental reasons."

THE NEWARK ADVERTISER:—"Stated to be one of the men employed in removing the iron RAILWAYS in the town. . . ."

REYNOLDS NEWS:—"If, argues the housewife, LEAKS can be controlled, why not other vegetables?"

PORTSMOUTH EVENING NEWS:—". . . have been throwing more THANKS into action and intensifying the activity. . . ."

SUNDAY EXPRESS:—"An exceedingly good film of its TRIPE. Packed with laughs and incidents."

THE NEWS CHRONICLE:—". . . during which she sank 60,000 TINS of Japanese shipping."

THE DAILY EXPRESS:—"Only the permanent staff EAT the fire station."

THE GREATEST OF THESE

● Discharged from the Army after twenty-one years' service, and suffering from osteo-arthritis of the spine, William Bowyer, the father of eight bonny children, lies awake night after night worrying how to keep them, as there is very little hope that he himself will ever be able to work again. He has no pension.

His fourteen-year-old eldest son is doing his best by contributing 17s. a week from his wages to help the meagre family budget.

We are assured by a responsible person in Mr. Bowyer's district that "the case is one of very great hardship."

Such donations as our readers are kind enough to send should be earmarked "Eight" and posted to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, and we are just as grateful to those who send to us anonymously.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application. There are no deductions for administration expenses.

**Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."*

Result of "BULLETS" 1,319

FIRST PRIZE £50.

Mrs. C. M. Morris, 9, Cumberley Ave., Rayners Park, S.W.20.
Example: THE STRAIN'S TERRIFIC, BUT
Bullet: CAN'T HEAR "CAN'T" HERE!

£20: P. G. Perkins, 43, Brunswick St., Luton, Beds.
Example: Dad's Been Digging, So
Bullet: Back Patted—And Bobbed!

£10: Mrs. Selby, Apperland, Morton Rd., Pilsley, Chesterfield.
Example: What We Can Expect
Bullet: "Reverses"—Then, "Our Turn."

£5: W. C. Tandy, 22, Fairfield Grove, Charlton, S.E.17.
The Strain's Terrific, But—Necessary, Lest "Still To-morrow."

£4: Miss M. E. Pearce, 152, Kinson Rd., East Howe, Bournemouth.
Our Sunday Dinner—Weighs Ounces—Cost, "Tons."

£3: A. J. Cuddon, 23, St. Mary-at-hill, E.C.3.
Menace To Our Island—Fastness, Our Islanders' Sleepless.

£2: W. G. Brayden, 174, Lower Road, Belvedere, Kent.
Brave Men—Afloat—Adrift—Ashore—*Afloat!*

20s.: H. Hayward, 15, Furnace Rd., Normacot, Longton, Staffs.
Our Sunday Dinner—"Eating" Ships—"Digest" That!

20s.: E. Truswell, 15, Landseer St., Radford, Nottingham.
Night Be Better—Government's Work—*And Yours!*

34s.: H. Smith, Fell Grove, Dunbottle Lane, Birtield, Yorks.
Asking For Trouble—India, Thinking Loincloth Armour.

32s.: P. Hood, 16, Grant's Cres., Seaham, Co. Durham
Tonic For The Nation—Broadcaster's "Bolshie Manner" Spelled.

30s.: R. H. Welch, 28, Coptheorne Ave., Bromley, Kent.
Our Sunday Dinner—Out From The *Coffee!*

A list of 20 Winners of 10s. and 50 Winners of 2s. 6d. can be seen at these offices. The 1,000 Merit Awards have also been posted.

146 CASH PRIZES

WON IN XWORD No. 271

WINNING WORDS: 1. Brown. 2. Bore. 3. Flesh. 4. Watch. 5. Ended. 6. Bash. 7. Apex. 8. Linint. 9. Bed. 10. Porter. 11. Parked. 12. Cobs. 13. Blabs. 14. Boob.

TWENTY-FOUR £100 SHARERS: M. E. Airey, M. A. Bateman, H. W. Bayley, F. L. Cardell, E. Field, H. F. Gordon, Miss E. Maddison, Mrs. H. Marten, Mrs. M. E. Manning, Mrs. Marshall, Mrs. A. Millman, A. Mortimer, Mrs. Morton, W. Oakford, J. Oldham, Mrs. E. Overy, G. M. Owen, Mrs. A. Shilliday, Mrs. S. Slack, W. Smith, Miss Stephenson, D. Thomas, Mrs. A. M. White, J. Wright. Addresses given on application.

£25 CASH shared between 122 Runners-up.

SEE OPPOSITE PAGE FOR PRIZES VALUE £340

THIS WEEK'S

FOOD FACTS

Because you are asking more and more for recipes, we at the Ministry of Food feel that our advice is being of use to you. Now we hope to be even more helpful. Every week we are going to choose a *special recipe* for you. This recipe won't try to be 'clever', it will be simple, practical, economical. It will make the best use of the foods which are in good supply in the shops. You can hear this "Recipe of the Week" broadcast each Monday in the Kitchen Front programme at 8.15 a.m. You can cut the recipe out of this paper. You can actually watch it being made at your local Food Advice Centre, at the Gas and Electricity Showrooms, and elsewhere. Look out for the *special recipe* every week. Here is the first.

CORNED BEEF MOULD

Time: Preparation 15 minutes. *Ingredients:* 2 to 4 oz. corned beef, 4 oz. soaked bread, 6 oz. mashed carrot, mock horse-radish (4 tablespoons shredded swede, 1½ teaspoonfuls mustard, 1½ tablespoonfuls vinegar), chopped parsley, pepper and salt. *Quantity:* for 4 people. *Method:* Mix the swede, mustard, vinegar together, and add the other ingredients. Press into basin and leave with plate and weight on top for about 4 hours. Turn out, cut into slices and serve with potato salad and watercress.

Listen to the Kitchen Front at 8.15 every morning

YOUR CUP OF TEA

Your tea ration will go further if you follow these rules:

1. Warm the teapot thoroughly before putting the tea in.
2. See that the kettle is boiling fast.
3. Make the tea as soon as the water is boiling.
4. Take the pot to the kettle.
5. Give the tea three minutes to brew.

A SALAD A DAY...

Try and serve some kind of salad every day. Fresh vegetables are an essential part of your daily food, without them you are not getting your proper supply of Vitamin C. What do you think of this salad for supper tonight?

Time: Preparation 15 minutes. *Ingredients:* 1 bunch watercress, 2 large carrots, 1 small turnip, chopped spring onion or leek if possible, 2 tablespoonfuls chopped parsley, 4 tablespoonfuls war-time salad dressing. *Quantity:* for 4 people. *Method:* Mix together the shredded carrot, turnip, chopped spring onion or leek and salad dressing. Place in a bowl, surrounded with watercress, and sprinkle with chopped parsley or watercress. Make dressing by mixing together, vinegar, a little made-mustard, pepper and salt.

STUFFED POTATOES

(without using oven)

Boil potatoes in their jackets until nearly cooked, about ½ hour. Drain off water. Cut the potatoes lengthways into halves. Scoop out centre. Mix the scooped-out potatoes with finely chopped corned beef and parsley. Add salt and pepper and pinch of mixed herbs. Put this mixture back into scooped-out potato shells. Place potatoes in a baking tin, well greased. Bake under slow grill until lightly browned.

FOOD FACTS No. 92. THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1

HOW TO END INDIGESTION

Whenever you feel a touch of indigestion, it is a wise precaution to take a dose of MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder. The wide popularity of MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder is convincing evidence of the efficacy of this speedy and successful remedy for Pain, Flatulence, Heartburn, Nausea and proved safeguard against Gastritis and Stomach Ulcer.

MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder is obtainable from all chemists. Price 2/3. Also in Tablet Form in 7d. boxes, or bottles at 1/5 and 2/3 (including PurchaseTax). Only genuine if the signature, ALEX C. MACLEAN, appears on the package.

★ *The safe & certain cure for* HEADACHE

DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART

Cephos

Sole Proprietors THE PHYSICIANS' REMEDY

Cephos is not just a single drug but the prescription of an eminent Harley St. Physician.

Sold everywhere in tablet or powder form, 1/3, 3/-. Single dose 2d.

To Keep Your Skin Clear and Healthy

Use Cuticura, the MEDICINAL and TOILET soap. Its marvellously refining, antiseptic lather clears away blemishes and gives you a beautifully clear complexion, radiant with health.

Cuticura SOAP

GASTRIC CATARRH

QUICKLY RELIEVED BY **MOORLANDS**

"I lost my job owing to Gastric Catarrh. I tried all known remedies without success. My wife was distracted. I had to refuse food. Thank goodness I tried Moorlands*. I am now able to eat, drink and smoke as much as I wish without fear of pains."

(Signed) F. M., *East Molesey*

* *Moorland Brand Indigestion Tablets give instant relief from indigestion, biliousness, dyspepsia, flatulence, acidity, heartburn, palpitation, gastric catarrh, and kindred troubles of the digestive organs. Sold at all chemists, 8½d. and 1/3d. including tax.*

£1 25 IN CASH AND OTHER PRIZES THIS WEEK

10 MINUTE XWORD

FIRST PRIZE and AWARDS VALUE £100 £25 BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP

For result of Xword No. 271, see page 14; to win this week's Competition, study clues carefully and enter on coupon below.

CLUES Answer every clue by entering letter in entry column.	3D Entry-fee for 1 Col.	3D	3D	3D
1 INSUFFICIENT BALANCE MAY CAUSE THIS TO FALL	ST CK			
2 WILD BEAST WILL PROBABLY BE FURIOUS AT BEING PUT IN	AGE			
3 DETECTIVE MUST EXPECT OCCASIONALLY TO MEET WITH	CHE K			
4 PUBLIC DOESN'T WANT POLITICIAN WHO ACTS LIKE	M LE			
5 VERY FULSOME PRESS NOTICE MAY GIVE NOVELIST THIS	UFF			
6 ONE OF COMMONEST ARCHITECTURAL DECORATIONS	BEA			
7 SOME MEN MAKE A TIDY ONE THEMSELVES	D N			
8 CLUMSILY APPLIED, CAN MAKE BIG HOLE	AX			
9 EVEN EXPERT MIGHT WELL MISTAKE ONE FOR SOMETHING ELSE	A DER			
10 COLLAPSE MAY WELL BE PREVENTED BY PRESENCE OF	BRA E			
11 MAY WELL CAUSE SHIP TO RUN AGROUND	AY			
12 IT SHOULDN'T TAKE LONG TO CULTIVATE ONE	AR			
13 MARSHY LAND IS LIKELY TO PROVE THIS TO CROSS-COUNTRY RUNNER	BOG Y			
14 MOTORIST HAS TO BE SPECIALLY CAREFUL WHEN USING ONE	AMP			

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Bulletin" and "Gazette."

P.O. Value ..... CLOSING POSTMARK

No. ..... MONDAY, MAY 11

Signed .....

Address 275

8 COLUMNS FOR ONLY 1/6

To the 4 cols. on coupon you may add extra 4 cols. in blank margin on right. Total entry-fee for 8 cols. is 1s. 6d. only, including TWO FREE.

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY RULES With Xwords you may enclose "Bullets"—see entry-fee covers both entries.

1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Xwords First Prize will go to competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of ties. Awards value £25 between Runners-up. Not more than one Xword Prize per contest allowed to any one entrant. Complete Xword in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword columns used. Two Xword columns FREE with each six paid. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross & Co.; write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contests, to appear in "John Bull" dated May 30, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

£200 for 'BULLETS'

PRIZES Value over

FIRST PRIZE - £50 CASH

Others-£20 £10 £5 £4 £3 £2 38/- 36/- 34/- 32/- 30/- 20 of 10/- 50 of 2/6 etc. 1000 MERIT AWARDS

FIRST PRIZE WIRE—FRIDAY, MAY 22

USE ANY OF THESE "EXAMPLES"

TO make a Bullet simply add TWO, THREE, or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the "Examples" below.

Result of "Bullets" No. 1,319 appears on page 14

OUR WAR MACHINE	IN BRITANNIA'S GARDEN
FOR MANKIND	AUSTERITY'S THE WATCHWORD, SO
PROPAGANDA	HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN
FIRST AND FOREMOST	TIMES ARE TRYING, BUT
P.C. MORRISON	LUCKY PEOPLE
AT LIBERTY	DAD'S CAR
ON THE WAY HOME	VALUE FOR MONEY
CANTEEN PIANO	
UNNOTICED	
WE WONDER WHY	
NO JOKE	
IN THE PAST	
STRIKING	

Six "Examples" here are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

WITH A MIGHTY .....
TRAGEDY OF .....
TO SAVE MORE .....
MAN FROM THE .....
KEY TO .....
ALL IN THE .....

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets on this Coupon, including 1d. for "Bulletin" and "Gazette."

P.O. Value..... Signed.....

No..... Address .....

Closing Postmark 1,323 Mon., May 11

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY

"Bullets" No. 1,323 or Xword No. 275

"JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.)

Do you want him taught to hate you?

He could be — if the Nazis caught him young enough. He might be — if you gave them the chance.

Impossible? But it's happening now, the other side of the Channel.

Little children are taught to despise the "softness" of home life, to worship the "Party" alone. That is why you read of parents betrayed to the Gestapo by their darlings — and children made proud of such "service to the State."

Cruel? But so is the Nazi creed; the creed they would hasten to force upon us whom they hate most of all.

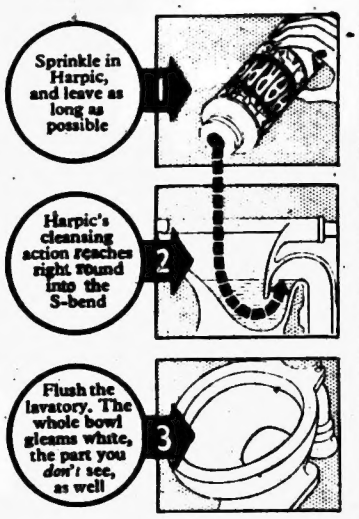
We must not allow them to steal our children's souls.

Save more — lend more, and do it quickly. Have you anything one half so precious as that tranquil look in mother's eye, the happy trustful talk and laughter that make what we call "home"?

Put every penny you can scrape together into—War Savings!

Issued by the National Savings Committee

HARPIC
cleans the lavatory *easily*


Sprinkle in Harpic, and leave as long as possible
1
Harpic's cleansing action reaches right round into the S-bend
2
Flush the lavatory. The whole bowl gleams white, the part you don't see, as well
3

Crowded homes — less time for housework — now is when you appreciate Harpic. Sprinkle it into the lavatory *and leave as long as possible* (last thing at night is a good time). Then flush. The whole bowl gleams white, all discoloration gone. The part you don't see is clean and sanitary too.

* * *

Nothing equals Harpic. Specially made for the lavatory, Harpic's thorough cleansing action removes all discoloration, effectively cleans, disinfects and deodorizes the whole of the pan. Get some today!

The Nation needs IRON

For the Nation's defence, iron is of paramount importance. Collect all the 'scrap' you can find and send it to the dump, so that it may be turned into the armaments which will help to give the Nation the strength it needs to win.

and so do you

You, too, need iron for your defence and to make and keep you strong. Although the amount of iron you should have in your body is very small, it is nevertheless vital to your health, your strength, your life. If your body is *iron-starved*, your blood is poor (anæmia), insufficient oxygen is carried to your body-cells and the vitality of your whole system declines. If you are to have the energy and stamina the times demand, you must make sure of *iron-strength*.

Iron is therefore of vital importance both to the Nation and to yourself. Give all the 'scrap' you can find for the Nation's defence, and make sure you are keeping up your own iron-strength by taking a course of IRON 'JELLOIDS' every now and then.

Owing to restricted production, Iron 'Jelloids' are now obtainable only in the 1/4 size (inc. Purchase Tax)

If your feet hurt —get CRO-PAX

Whatever your trouble, there are 30 scientifically designed CRO-PAX FOOT AIDS to bring you instant relief and speedy cure. No need to suffer any longer.

CRO-PAX FOOT AIDS

are within the reach of all, from 3d. to 10d. each. Obtainable from BOOTS, TIMOTHY WHITES, all chemists ... and all WOOLWORTHS STORES.

SPLENDOR LTD. Nottingham & London

British Gold
SMOKING MIXTURE

A mild and exceedingly fragrant mixture, blended from specially picked fine old matured leaf.

Recommended with all confidence for the occasion which demands a more than usually choice and mellow tobacco.

—for Sundays

PER 2/1 OZ.

Tight-lipped and keen-eyed the Coxswain's doing a man's job at the wheel. And when he's 'watch below' you'll find him just the same. 'Obstinate,' some say. 'Gets his teeth into a thing and won't let go.' Talking of teeth now, he swears by Kolynos. 'Belay that!' he'll pipe, 'Where'd I stow the Kolynos?' And so they have to wait while the Coxswain gets his teeth ship-shape. No wonder! You can't beat KOLYNOS for white teeth and a healthy mouth.

SKIN TROUBLES
VANISH BEFORE THIS REMEDY

There's a simple, certain way to put an end to any disfiguring skin trouble. Apply a few drops of D.D.D. Prescription to the bad place and see how quickly your skin is cleared. No more ugly spots, pimples or sore places. No more burning irritation from eczema. D.D.D. Prescription sinks deep down into the pores of the skin, kills the germs, and clears away impurities that cause skin trouble. This refreshing, soothing, healing liquid is invaluable in all cases of

ECZEMA	SPOTS
DERMATITIS	RASHES
BAD LEGS	CUTS
ULCERS	BURNS
	SCALDS

Sold by chemists everywhere, 1/3d. a bottle (Tax inc.)

D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION

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